November 2016

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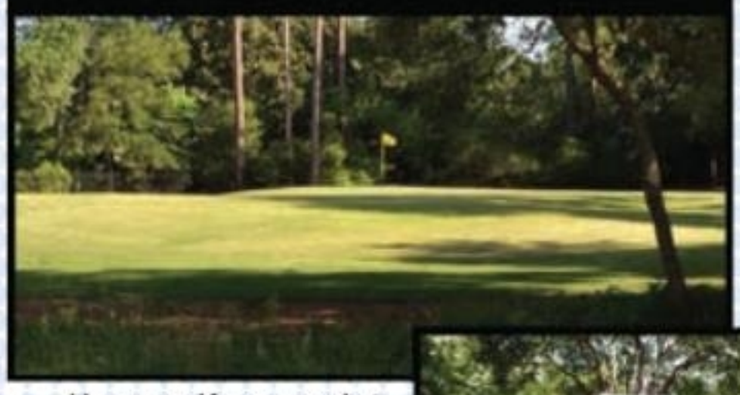

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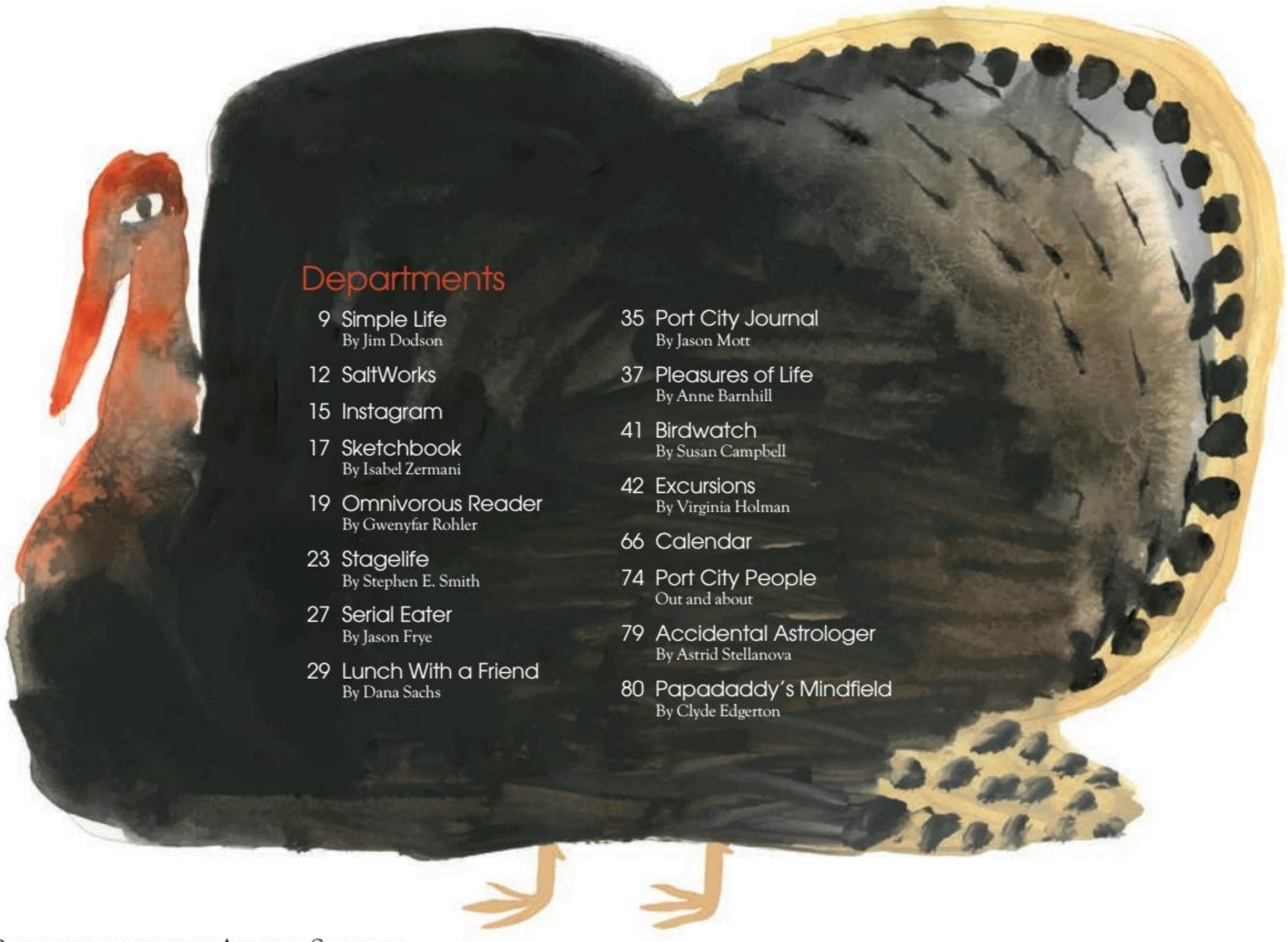

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NOV 11 // 7:00pm // CFCC Union Station

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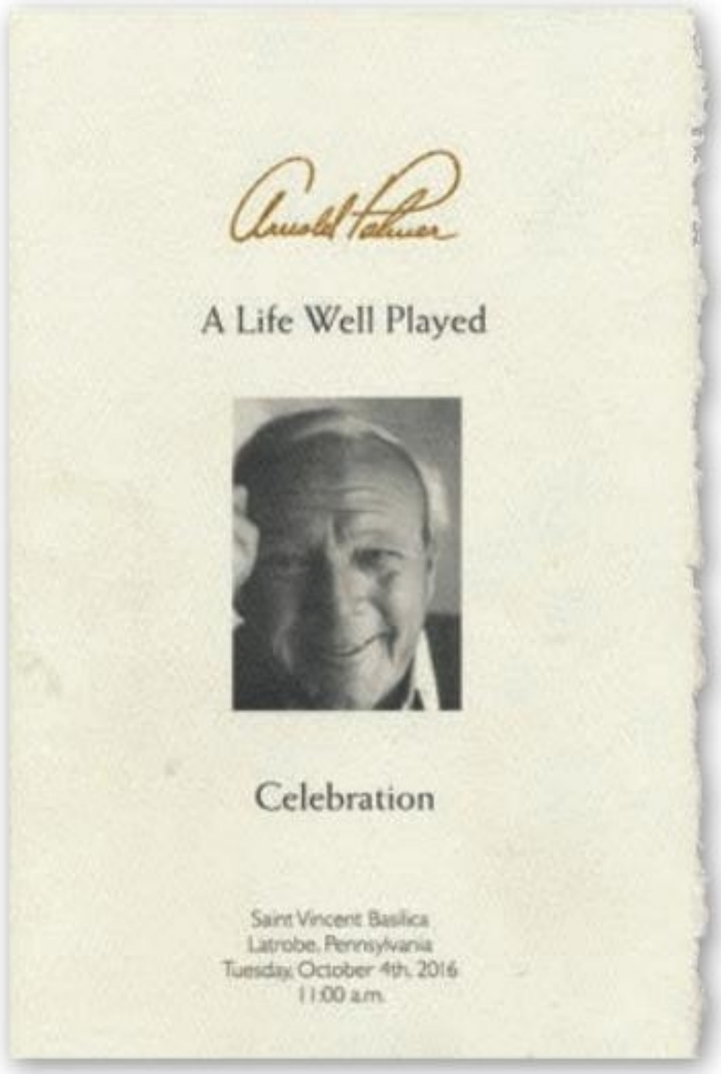
# The King of Everyman

By Jim Dodson

## November's arrival never fails to put me in a grateful mood, even before the far-flung clan assembles around a Thanksgiving table worthy of a king.




Speaking of kings, in the spirit of giving thanks for the people who have touched our lives, past and present, here's a grateful little ditty I wrote in the hours after my boyhood sports hero — and quite possibly yours, given his strong connections to this state — passed away.

Around five o'clock on a Sunday afternoon, Sept. 25, my wife, Wendy, and I were watching a late afternoon football game when I suddenly felt overcome by a chill and went upstairs to lie down for an hour before friends arrived for supper.

I'm rarely sick and assumed this peculiar spell was simply brought on by fatigue from working since four in the morning on a golf book I've been writing for almost two years, a personal tale called the Range Bucket List.

The first chapter and the last are about my friend, collaborator and boyhood hero Arnold Palmer.

The prologue explains that he was the first name on what I called my Things to Do in Golf List around 1966 after falling hard for my father's game and reading somewhere that Arnold Palmer started out in golf by keeping a similar list of things he intended to do. Many decades later, while interviewing him early one morning in his workshop in Latrobe, I confirmed this fact with the King of Golf.

The final chapter details an emotional visit I made to see Arnold at home in Latrobe in late summer, about a month before his 87th birthday. I knew he wasn't doing particularly well. When I walked into his pretty, rustic house sitting on quiet Legends Drive in the unincorporated Village of Youngstown on the outskirts of Latrobe, I found the King of Golf watching an episode of "Gunsmoke," the No. 1 American TV show about the time Arnold Palmer ruled the world of golf.

He greeted me warmly without getting up. A walker was standing nearby. His wife Kit brought me a cold drink. He turned down the sound and we had a nice time catching up, almost but not quite like many we've enjoyed over the past two decades. Arnold's once seemingly invincible blacksmith body had finally given out, yet his mind and spirit were strong. He insisted on joining Doc Giffin, his longtime assistant, Kit and me for an early supper that evening across the vale at Latrobe Country Club.

The trip was like a homecoming for me — and something I feared would be a farewell.

For two full years, from early 1997 to late 1999, I had the privilege of serving as Arnold Palmer's collaborator on his autobiography, A Golfer's Life. I was deeply honored to have been chosen by Arnold and wife Winnie for the project, and touched that he insisted that my name share the cover and title page of the work. I always called the book his book. He always called the book our book.

Not long after we began working on it — both being unusually early risers who often chatted in his home workshop before official business hours — Winnie was diagnosed with a form of ovarian cancer. Arnie, which is what he insisted I call him though I never could quite make myself do so, withdrew from his busy public life so we could get the book completed and published before time took its toll, narrowing the horizon of what was supposed to be a three year project to just under two.

We brought the book out in time to celebrate Arnold's 70th birthday in September 1999 and the opening of a beautiful, restored red barn that Winnie had always loved just off the 14th fairway at the same club where Arnold grew up under the firm watch of his demanding papa, Deacon Palmer, whom Arnold simply called "Pap."

Rather than a conventional autobiography of facts and figures and tournament highlights, my objective with Arnold's book was to create an unusually warm and intimate reminiscence or memoir that read as if Arnold and his fans were simply sharing a drink after a day of golf, and he was quietly relating the 15 or so key moments of his life, revealing how these moments shaped the most influential golfer in history and arguably America's greatest sportsman.

Both Winnie's barn and Arnold's book were a hit. The book was on the best-seller list for almost half a year. The handsome red barn stands in quiet tribute to them both. Winnie passed away less than two months after that special evening Arnold turned 70.

After lying down and lightly dozing for an hour, I heard our guests arriving and got up to go downstairs. The cold and queasiness had passed and I felt much better — only to find my wife waiting at the bottom of the steps holding out my mobile phone with a very sad look on her face.

A nice person named Molly from NBC News in New York was on the other end, wanting to know if I could confirm a report that Arnold Palmer had passed away.

We spoke for an hour as my incoming call alert continued to light up from news organizations around the world. By midnight I'd spoken with reporters from all the major networks, several cable news organizations, CNN International, a pair of wire services, the Canadian Broadcasting System and Australia's leading sports call-in show — all of it testament to the drawing power of Arnold Daniel Palmer.

The conversations about his incomparable life and times and seismic

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impact on popular culture and the world of sports went well into the early morning hours.

Was the chill and queasiness a coincidence, or something more sympathetic in nature?

That's impossible to say. This much is certainly true: As Winnie commented early in our collaboration, Arnold and I enjoyed unusually strong chemistry and an uncommon connection that is instinctively felt and shared by his millions of adoring fans — and was still apparent in late summer when I visited with him at home.

The morning after our dinner at the club, I also visited with Doc Giffin and Arnold's amazing staff at Arnold Palmer Enterprises and even saw his younger brother Jerry when he popped in to say hello.

Finally the boss showed up for work around 10 o'clock, trailed by a couple of cheerful young therapists from the local hospital who were planning to do a stretching and exercise session at the Palmers' home gym aimed at restoring Arnold's ability to swing a golf club again.

As he signed books and the usual stack of photos and personal artifacts from fans that are always waiting for his immaculate signature every morning of his life, we chatted about various family matters and other things large and small. With Doc and his therapists we even watched a recently colorized CD release of the historic 1960 Masters, where Arnold closed from two shots back to claim his second green jacket, setting off a national frenzy in the process.

At one point as we watched him teeing off on the 72nd hole of the tournament, needing a clutch birdie to secure the win, Arnold declared excitedly — "There, girls! There's my golf swing!"

The therapy girls were standing directly behind the King of Golf. They were beaming, part of a new generation that never had the pleasure of experiencing the game's most compelling star in his prime.

Arnold's eyes were alive with pure joy. There were tears pooling in them.

And even bigger tears pooling in mine.

Doc Giffin, a legend in his own right, just smiled from a few feet away.

A little while later, I did something I'd meant to do for many years.

I handed him my first hardbound copy of A Golfer's Life and asked him to autograph it.

He accepted the book but gave me what I fondly call The Look — a cross between the scowl of a disapproving schoolmaster and a slightly constipated eagle, one way he loves to needle his friends.

I watched as he took his own sweet time writing something on the title page.

He handed me back the book and said, "Don't open this until you're safely home."

Facing a 9-hour drive home to North Carolina, I somehow managed to wait until I reached my driveway just as the summer day was expiring, at which point I opened the book. He could have written it to 100 million people around the world, all of whom share the same kind of connection with the King of Everyman.

"Dear Jim," he simply wrote. "Thanks for all your wonderful works. You are the greatest friend I could have — Arnold"

That's when my waterworks really let loose.

Over the days and week to come, we'll all be reminded of Arnold Palmer's extraordinary impact on golf and American life in general, and the mammoth-hearted legacy he leaves behind, especially in Pinehurst, where his father brought him as a teen to experience the "higher game," Wilmington, where he won his seventh PGA Tournament, and Greensboro, where he had so many friends but always came up just short of winning the Greater Greensboro Open.

Still, Arnold's 62 PGA Tour wins, 90 tournament victories worldwide and seven major championships only partially defined the life of a man from the rural heartland of western Pennsylvania who almost single-handedly pioneered the concept of modern sports marketing, created a business model that turned into an empire stretching from golf tees to sweet tea, and grew to be golf's most visible

and charismatic force, its greatest philanthropist and most beloved ambassador.

During his half-century reign, and largely because of him, in my view and that of many fellow historians, golf enjoyed the largest and longest sustained period of growth in history, a remarkable period that included the formal creation of no less than six professional tours, witnessed television's incomparable impact, saw the rebirth of the Ryder Cup and revival of European golf, the rise of international stars, and nothing less than a scientific revolution in the realms of instruction, equipment technology and golf course design — all of which Arnold played some kind of role.

How much of this cultural Renaissance was due to this kind, genuine, fun-loving and passionately competitive family man who grew up showing off for the ladies of Latrobe Country Club and earning nickels from them by knocking their tee shots safely over a creek on his papa's golf course?

Impossible to fully quantify, I suppose. Though I would be inclined to say just about everything.

Golf is the most personal game of all, a solitary walk through the beautiful vagaries of nature. And Arnold Palmer was the most personal superstar in the history of any sport, a true blue son of small town America, the kid next door who grew up to become a living legend, a homegrown monarch for the Everyman in each of us, a King with a common touch.

His charm and hearty laugh and extraordinary undying love of the ancient game he was meant by Providence to elevate like nobody before him will surely live on as long as people young and old tee up the ball and give chase to the game.

His beautiful memorial service at Saint Vincent's Basilica in Latrobe on Oct. 2 brought out the golf world in force along with hundreds of ordinary folks — the foot soldiers of Arnie's fabled Army — who in some cases drove all night just to stand and pay homage to their hero on a gorgeous Indian summer afternoon, holding signs that read "Long Live the King of Golf" and "Thank You, Arnie!"

Outside, immediately following the service, as a Scottish bagpiper played "Amazing Grace," Arnold's longtime co-pilot Pete Luster made a pair of low passes over the spires of the Basilica in Arnold's beloved Citation 10 with its signature N1AP registration number, turning sharply toward heaven and flying almost straight up until the airplane was a mere glint in the blue autumn sky.

The woman standing beside me in the silent crowd actually took my arm to steady herself and burst out crying. I hugged her and she kissed me on the cheek like we were old friends saying goodbye.

I'd never seen her in my life but we were friends, as everyone is in Arnie's Army.

*Contact editor Jim Dodson at jim@thepilot.com.*

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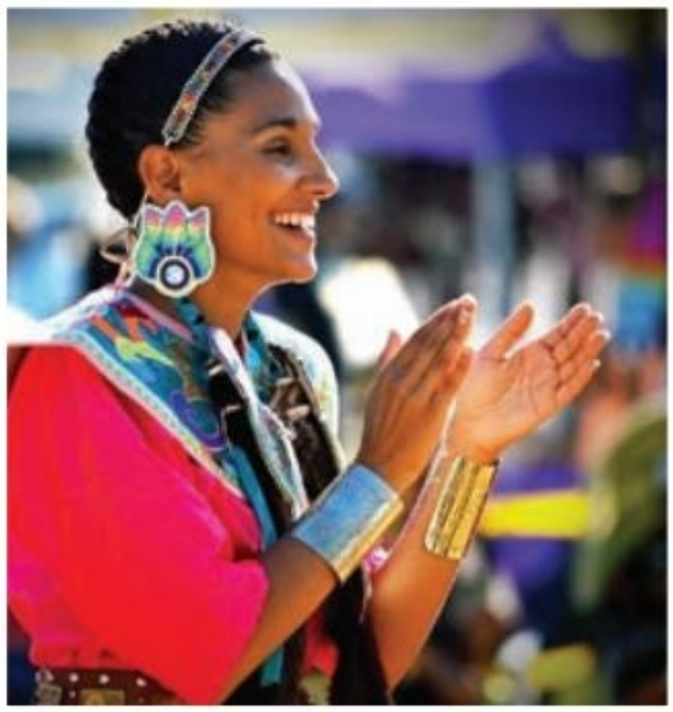


PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALICIA INSHIRADU

## Powerful Powwow

All are welcome to witness the dazzling displays of the 46th Annual Waccamaw Siouan Powwow. The American Indian dance competitions are sure to stun and amaze. The two-day festival has plenty to offer in the traditional foods, crafts and horse show areas, as well. A 30-minute drive from Wilmington, the Waccamaw Siouan tribe history and culture is alive and plentiful. Info: Nov. 4–5, 9 a.m.–midnight. Admission is free. Waccamaw Siouan Tribal Grounds, 7239 Old Lake Road, Bolton, NC. Full schedule of activities at www.waccamaw-siouan.com

## Whatever Flotilla's Your Boat

If you've ever crossed the bridge to Wrightsville Beach and quizzically read the sign "Home of the North Carolina Flotilla," you are in for a treat. Each year boats are decked out in lights to a Griswald-ian degree. Costumed captains (or stormtroopers, or Beatles, depending on the theme) accompany the vessels down the waterway for holiday cheer of the truly local, nautical variety. The floatillas compete for titles for the judges waiting at the Blockade Runner, but you can watch them from a number of places, like the Banks Channel Bridge or the west side of Waynick Boulevard. The night rounds out with fireworks display, but that doesn't end the festivities: The boat parade is our beloved tradition, but the celebration is a weekend-long festival. Info: 33rd Annual NC flotilla boat parade, Nov. 26, 6 p.m. Admission is free, but get there early to grab a viewing spot. See all the events at http://ncholidayflotilla.org

## Worth Watching

Wilmington-filmed television series "Good Behavior," starring Michelle Dockery (Lady Mary on "Downton Abbey"), debuts Nov. 15 at 9 p.m. on TNT. Teacakes and lady's maids are nowhere in sight. For this role the porcelain beauty plays Letty, a Southern con artist, out on parole. Letty's intentions to reform are challenged by a moral obligation to derail a hitman (played by Juan Diego Botto). Showrunner Chad Hodges ("Wayward Pines") praises Wilmington: "The town miraculously doubles as several locations throughout the South. Without spoiling too much, we do bring Letty's story to Wilmington." The Port City was "a great place to spend our first season of misadventures," he says, and loved living like a local in his apartment in the renovated firehouse on Fifth and Castle Streets and to "walk my dog, Fred, past some of the best restaurants in town." (Undoubtedly a nod to Rx.) The television industry has taken a hit since the film incentive was scaled back, but you can still see your city on the small screen this fall.

## Singing for the Servicemen

Faced with the stresses of war, World War II troops relied on USO performers like Hannah Block to sing and dance their troubles away — if just for the night. This Veterans Day, an original musical, "Mrs. World War II Wilmington — We Fell in Love at the USO," by nationally decorated director/producer Tony Stimac, takes viewers back in time with quintessential songs of the era like "Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree" and "Goodnight Sweetheart." Celebrate the 75th anniversary of the USO building — named for the local morale boosting songstress Hannah Block — in true 1940s style. Info: Nov. 11–13. Hannah Block Historic USO / Community Arts Center, 120 S. 2nd St., Wilmington. Tickets: Friday night gala (6:30 p.m.): $50, Saturday (3 p.m., 7:30 p.m.) and Sunday (3 p.m.) show tickets: $25, available online at www.wilmingtoncommunityarts.org

## Theater Roulette

Some towns breed industry, ours breeds theater. The newly minted Second Star Theatre Company makes their maiden voyage with "The Last Five Years," by the prolific Jason Robert Brown ("Songs for A New World," "Parade," "Bridges of Madison County"). A singer's two-person musical, it tells the story of a couple who fall in and out and back in love. The play twists this standard storyline by telling Jaime's story chronologically and Cathy's in reverse order. Second Star sees the twist and raises it by rotating cast members from a quiver of six — you never know which two you're going to get. Info: Nov. 3 – 12 at 7:30 p.m., Waterline Brewing Co., 721 Surry St.. Admission is free. More at http://secondstartheatre.org

## Turkey Legs

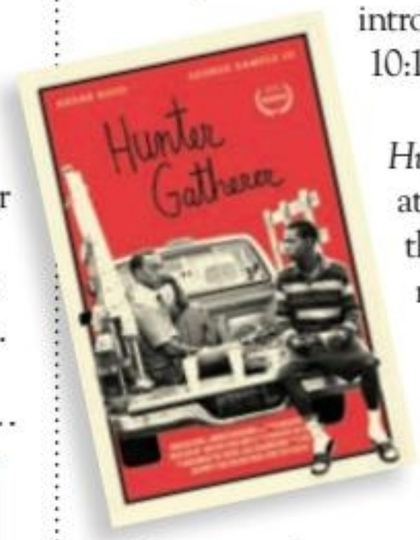
Why not offset the gravy guilt of the day's medieval-style feast by waking up early for a family run? The afternoon will be stuffed, baked and scalloped until a tryptophan-induced sleep o'er takes us, ushering in the next five weeks of eating. Yes, we all know it's coming, so stretch those turkey legs. Enter the Wrightsville Beach Turkey Trot (5K) or fun run (1 mile) to earn your dinner Thanksgiving Day. You only have to run once, but you can rock the T-shirt all year. Info: Turkey Trot to benefit Habitat for Humanity, Nov. 26, 8:30 a.m. Registration: $40 per adult (5K), $20 (1 mile), Free for children under 5. Group of four receives 20 percent discount. https://its-go-time.com/wrightsville-beach-turkey-trot/

## Independents' Days

*Salt* readers like stories, not just the headlines, but the real deal: in-depth, ground level, and from surprising vantage points. Everyone likes movies. Roll those loves around in the hay and you get may end up with the 22nd annual Cucalorus Film Festival: a five-day film fest, Nov. 9–13. Suddenly international filmmakers and arty-types will descend on downtown; you'll know them by their lanyards. We are niche famous when it comes to this type of thing and, unlike many annual events, this one is different every year. A festival is only as good as its films, so let's take a look at some *Salt*-y picks:

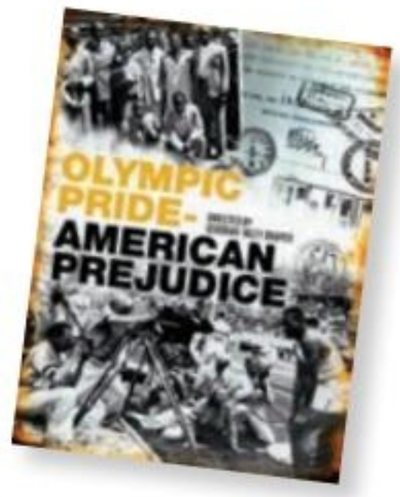
*Finding Home* – A stellar debut film for local screenwriter and director Nick Westfall, this narrative feature tells the heartstring-tugging story of Courtland, a down-on-his-luck teacher (Cullen Moss), and his young, newly orphaned nephew Oskar (Abel Zukerman). Believable and witty, the relationship between this unlikely pair morphs from bristly to bonded while they search their wacky extended family for a home for Oskar "Trading Mom"-style. The natural comedy, a well-written showcase of local character actors, does not overshadow this heartfelt adoption story; there will be tears. Nov. 11, 4:15 p.m., CFCC Union Station.

*Women Who Kill* – Smart, dry, sardonic writing and direction from once local, now Brooklyn-based filmmaker Ingrid Jungermann, this narrative feature will tickle fans of the podcasts Serial, Criminal or Casefile. The leading ladies, an ex-couple, Morgan and Jean, are true crime podcasters who begin to suspect Morgan's new flame is a murderer. Life mimics art in this thoughtfully-paced introspective film. Nov. 10, 7 p.m., Thalian Hall and Nov. 11, 10:15 a.m., CFCC Union Station.




*Hunter Gatherer* – Recently taking home a best actor award at SXSW, Andre Royo (Bubbles from "The Wire") stars in this narrative feature by director Joshua Locy as Ashley, a middle-aged optimist who finds returning to his depressed neighborhood, wife and family, after three years in prison, more difficult than he predicted. Royo, charming but flawed, is the best kind of underdog. You will root for him. Nov. 12, 1:15 p.m., Thalian Hall Black Box.

*Generation Startup* – Failure *is* an option for the six young entrepreneurs in this documentary feature, but they're doing everything in their power to succeed. The stakes are high for these 20-somethings in Detroit; the ride is fun and fist-clenching. Oscar-winning director Cynthia Wade and Cheryl Miller Houser bring us this metaphor for the revival of the Motor City and show us the real-life risks and rewards of creating your own company. This film is a part of Cucalorus Connect, the business conference arm of the festival that provides resources to filmmakers and entrepreneurs. Nov. 10, 7 p.m., CFCC Union Station.




*Olympic Pride, American Prejudice* – This documentary feature by Deborah Riley Draper tells the story of the African-American Olympians who competed in the 1936 Olympics in Berlin in a time of Jim Crow laws at home and Nazi supremacy abroad. Heroic and historic, the actions of these 18 athletes paved the way for the civil rights movement. Nov. 13, 4:15 p.m., Thalian Hall Black Box.

Info: See the full schedule of films, panels and activities, plus purchase advance tickets to films and blocks of shorts ($10) or multi-ticket passes (ranging $45 – $300), at www.cucalorus.org

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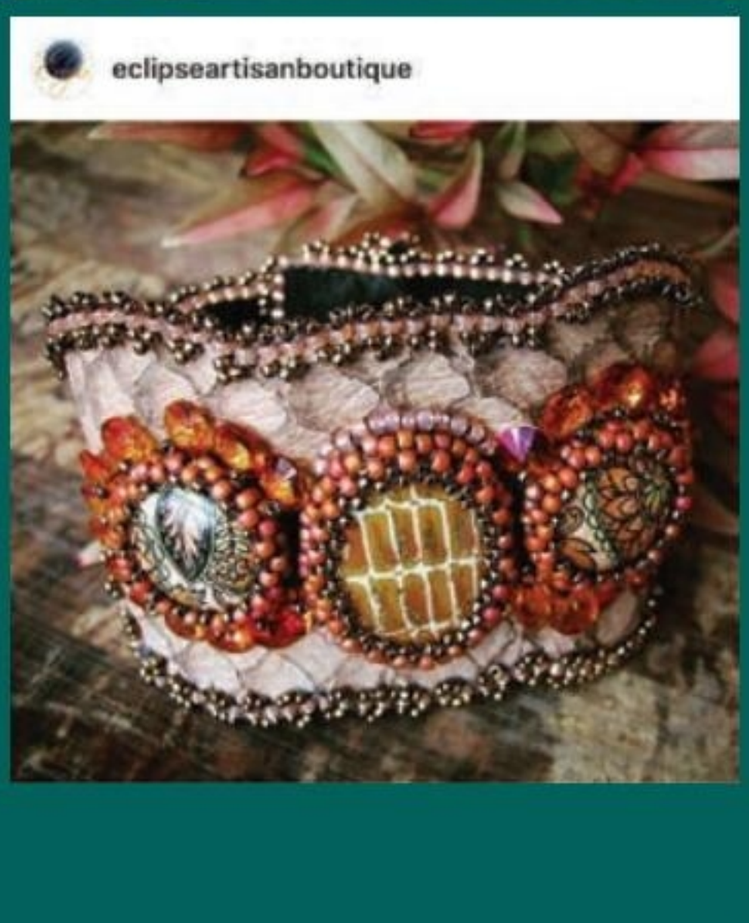

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# The Moonlight Spell of Antiquities

By Isabel Zermani

*I moonlight as an archaeologist. In Egypt.* If I wrote a comic book hero for myself, I'd probably have her say something like that, but it also happens to be true.

I fell into it. Fate conspired: a chance glimpse of a flier on my UNCW professor's door. If only I'd been walking down the hall a little faster or dropped my books, I'd have missed out. At least, in Victorian literature, that's what happens. And Victorian literature is inextricably woven into the field. Tents, pith helmets, Howard Carter on the brink of madness before discovering Tutankhamen's tomb in the Valley of the Kings; these all swirl in the collective memory. It seems far away — but it isn't.

I have a host of friends around the world who are archaeologists, Egyptologists, getting their Ph.D.s in ancient Mediterranean economics or the forensic science of coins; friends who research the diets of the workers who built the Great Pyramids at Giza. I can hear some of you screaming, *How will you get a job?* and — believe me —so do they, but they risk in the Victorian exploration tradition. And sometimes, they get the *best* jobs.

I am the outlier. I am the artist. My degree is in art history, but my archaeology training is on-the-job. I've excavated four summer seasons at Tell Timai, in the dark brown dirt (10 YR 3/3 for those with a Munsell color chart). This site is on farmland in the Egyptian delta, not the desert. Some days, in the hallucinogenic heat, the dirt looks like chocolate.

From dawn to lunch I dig, but for the rest of the day, I draw. My bread-and-butter is ceramics. The plastic of the ancient world, there is tons to be recorded for the ceramicist (the professor with the flier). *Why don't you just take a picture?* I hear your cries. We most certainly do, but until cameras have calipers that can record millimeters of data, technical drawing persists. I relish illustrating the figurines. For me, to draw something is to know it. Perhaps how the Victorian mindset has gripped me is the reverence I feel. A forgettable token, a home-altar deity or game board, when buried for 2,000 years and excavated, radiates a special connection with all human life. What seemed remote is tangible, in hand.

This sets off a butterfly effect that — if this were a comic book — would ripple back through the space-time continuum to that person. The hair on Howard Carter's neck would stand up; Flinders Petrie would sit up in bed; Amelia Edwards, co-founder of the Egyptian Exploration Society (EES), would hear her name.

I, sensitive-artist-prone-to-wild-ideas, feel that synchronicity. Maybe I was dehydrated. But maybe there is no chronology in the space-time continuum; maybe it's one big web. Or a small world.

Teams of Egyptian workers from a village called Quft were trained by and excavated with Petrie and Carter. They are called "Quftis" and their descendants work on the same excavation I do. Let that sink in.

Flash forward six years, four excavation seasons. My peers are deep into their theses or fellowships. I've stayed on the creative arts track — after all, I'm just moonlighting.

At the end of the last dig season, I flew to London. Nervously, I arranged a meeting with the director of the EES to present my side project: an illustrated outreach book, *The Story of Ancient Timai*, created for the village schools near the site.* Eighty-eight pages of history, the final 10 are a comic book. Awareness is a step to protect threatened sites, and Timai's story is the village's birthright. Proud of what I'd done, I still felt silly, unqualified, just an artist, but I kept the appointment.

Unprompted, the director reminds me that EES co-founder Amelia Edwards was both an artist and writer. Her illustrated Egyptian travelog ignited vigor to save threatened monuments and discover the still-sealed mysteries. *Isn't it all dug up by now?* you ask. Not even close. Edwards' organization would help fund missions by both Petrie and Carter — who also got his start as an artist on digs.

The space-time continuum snaps at that moment.

Victorian fate asserts its serendipity.

In a comic book, this is where you lose gravity and levitate, overwhelmed and uplifted by the adventure of what you don't yet know.

*A National Geographic Society grant funded production, publishing, and distribution of 2,000 free copies of the bilingual book to the village schools surrounding Tell Timai. www.telltimai.org

*Isabel Zermani, our senior editor, prefers the storied life.*

ILLUSTRATION BY ISABEL ZERMANI

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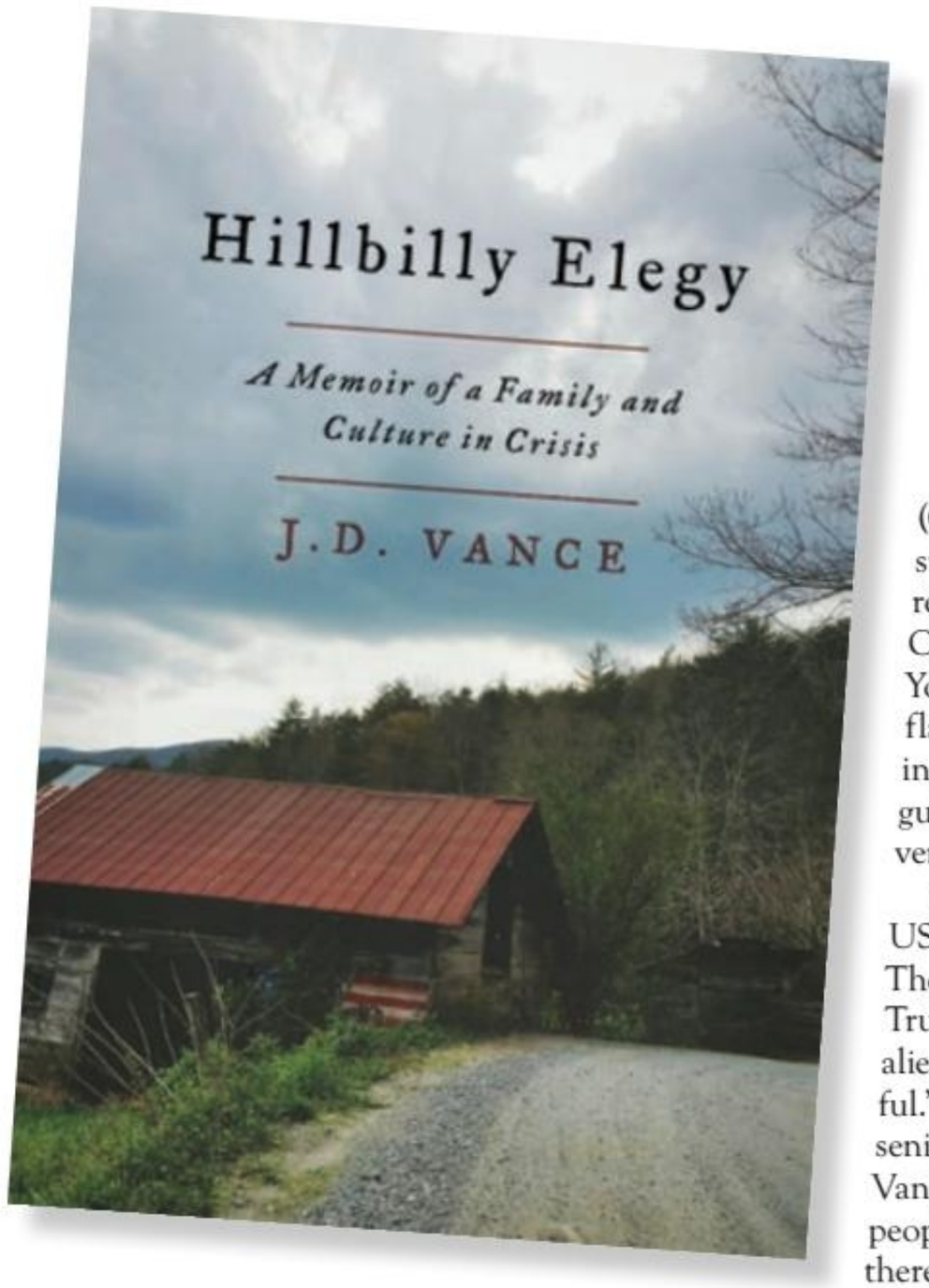
# Hillbilly Blues

*Poor, white and not quite forgotten*




By Stephen E. Smith

The presidential election is either over or is about to be, and, barring an unforeseen catastrophe, we ought to be breathing a collective sigh of relief. But in our hearts we know the truth: It ain't over yet. The media, including the publishing industry, aren't about to let us rest. We'll no doubt be obliged to examine in excruciating detail the cause-and-effect relationships that inflicted this grievous wound on our national psyche.

Publishers, of course, get us coming and going. White Trash; The Making of Donald Trump; Hillary's America; The Year of Voting Dangerously, etc. — Amazon lists at least 17 books that address the pre-election mêlée, enough reading to keep us bleary-eyed and brain-bruised until the next election cycle, and well beyond.

Of these many offerings, Hillbilly Elegy: A Memoir of a Family and Culture in Crisis, by J. D. Vance, has been the chief beneficiary of our need to grasp the incomprehensible. Published in late June, this Horatio Alger memoir shot to the top of The New York Times and Amazon.com best-sellers lists and stayed there. This was due in large part to promotion by the author and Amazon that fostered the belief that Hillbilly Elegy offers a profound insight into the rise of Donald Trump as a presidential candidate.

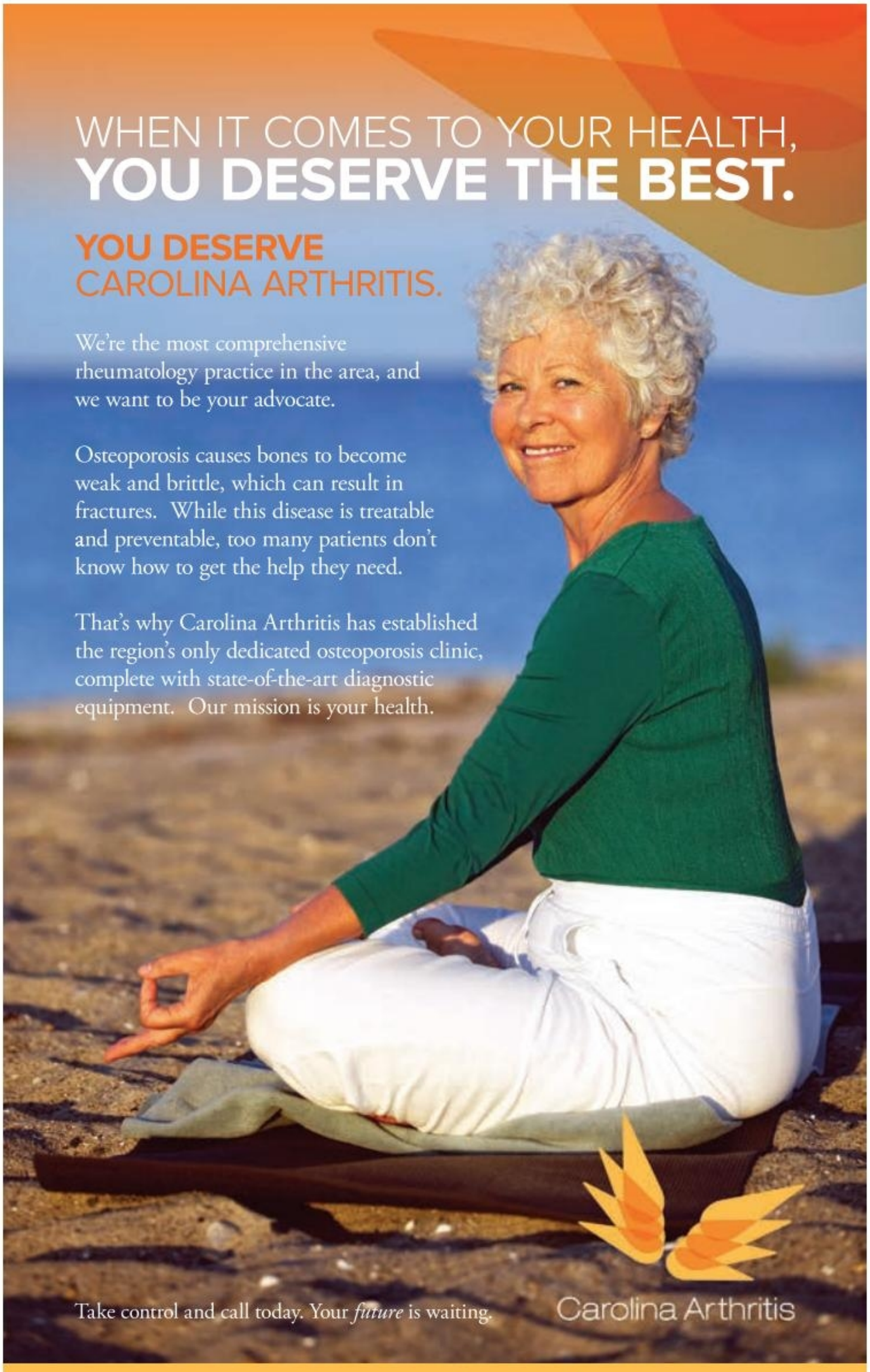
A quick read of Amazon's "Editorial Reviews" is explanation enough: "What explains the appeal of Donald Trump? . . . J.D. Vance nails it" (Globe and Mail); "You cannot understand what's happening now without first reading J.D. Vance . . . ." (The American Conservative), and so forth. Only The New York Times acknowledged a mild albeit flawed apprehension of fact: "Mr. Vance has inadvertently provided a civilized reference guide for an uncivilized election . . . ," "inadvertently" being the operative word.

In February, Vance wrote an op-ed for USA Today headlined: "Trump Speaks for Those Bush Betrayed": ". . . .what unites Trump's voters," Vance wrote, "is a sense of alienation from America's wealthy and powerful." In a print interview with Rod Dreher, senior editor at The American Conservative, Vance stated, "The simple answer is that these people — my people — are really struggling, and there hasn't been a single political candidate who speaks to those struggles in a long time. Donald Trump at least tries." Vance's appearances on ABC, CNN and NPR only reinforced this perception, and by the time he arrived on the set of "Morning Joe," Vance's criticism was even more focused, asserting that Donald Trump is "just another opioid" to many Americans struggling with loss of jobs, broken families and drug addiction.

All of which begs the question: Does Hillbilly Elegy explain the rise of Donald Trump?

It doesn't. No amount of tortured exegesis can conclude with a calculated degree of certainty that the anecdotal examples offered in Hillbilly Elegy lead to a statistical generalization regarding the wide-ranging support garnered by the Trump candidacy. Despite the claims of critics and the author, the book does not present, directly or indirectly, a viable explanation for the recent national unpleasantness — and the hype surrounding the publication of Hillbilly Elegy amounts to little more than a subtle form of literary bait and switch.

Misrepresentations aside, it's safe to say that Vance has written an insightful and readable memoir that details the estrangement of a segment of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America's displaced white underclass. His personal story, which comprises most of the text, is straightforward: Poor boy from a broken, drug-befuddled family wants to make good and does. The sociological narrative is also immediately explicable: As "hillbillies" migrated from Kentucky and other Southern mountain states, they clustered in desultory communities around the factories that offered them work. But this relocation came at a price. The traditional culture that once rendered support and stability from birth to death was sacrificed to economic prosperity. When the high-paying jobs disappeared, neighborhoods of poor people were left behind, lacking the social networks that sustained them in their mountain communities.

To his credit, Vance's message is one of personal responsibility. He has no patience with convenient excuses or the tendency to shift blame to the media, politicians, or the middle and upper classes. Succinctly stated, his advice is to pull up your pants, turn your hat around and make something of your life.

Hillbilly Elegy possesses the same appeal that propelled Rick Bragg's 1999 All Over but the Shoutin' onto the best-sellers list — it's thoughtful, compelling in its grim detail, and ultimately faith-affirming. No red-blooded American can abandon the belief that any lucky, talented, hardworking schmo can become a success, but the wise reader will understand that Vance's story is not an allegory for life; it's merely the recounting of a series of random events arranged in such a way as to suggest meaning.

Readers should also bear in mind that better sociological studies have come and gone without notice. One is reminded of Linda Flowers' 1990 Throwed Away, which detailed the economic exploitation of eastern North Carolina sharecroppers and tenant farmers.

As for articulating the emotional toll taken on those Kentucky mountain people who migrated north, poet Jim Wayne Miller summed up their sense of loss in five lines from his 1980 collection The Mountains Have Come Closer. The final stanza of the poem "Abandoned" reads:

> Or else his life became the house
> seen once in a coalcamp in Tennessee:
> the second story blown off in a storm
> so stairs led up into the air
> and stopped.

*Stephen E. Smith is a retired professor and the author of seven books of poetry and prose. He's the recipient of the Poetry Northwest Young Poet's Prize, the Zoe Kincaid Brockman Prize for poetry, and four North Carolina Press awards.*

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# Theater For All

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PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF THEATRE FOR ALL

By Gwenyfar Rohler

**Theatre For All** bills themselves as "Wilmington's first ongoing creative arts group for folks with disabilities." The brainchild of theater artists Kim Henry and Gina Gambony, plus local writer and filmmaker Dylan Patterson, Theatre For All combines puppetry, creative movement, improvisation and drumming, as well as traditional theatre skills, to help students conceive and produce shows together. Part of Superstar Academy, a non-profit theater education outreach program, Theatre For All began to operate about two years ago. "Zach (Hanner) had asked me to come on the Board of Superstar Academy, and I said I would," recounts Patterson, "if we would start doing a class or classes for people with disabilities."

Now, two years later, Theatre For All has a lot to offer: a weekly performance class on Saturdays at TheatreNOW, workshops with students at Laney High School during the school year, and a make-a-play-in-a-week summer camp. Kim Henry cheerfully reports that the Saturday class is maxed out at 15 students. "We have a waiting list," she confirms.

Ellis Furst, mother of Theatre For All actress Evangeline Furst, says that at home, Evangeline is pretty much constantly in her own private performance. Ellis and her husband, Don, a visual artist and UNCW art professor, are thrilled with the opportunities that Theatre For All offers. "So often children like our daughter tend to be a 'one-man show,' but here she works with her peers in an ensemble setting," notes Don. Evangeline has Down syndrome and has been performing with Theatre for All since its inception. Like any parents, Don and Ellis see Theatre For All as a great opportunity for "tying our daughter's performance inclinations into a disciplined, structured setting

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in which she can develop skills."

Laura Bullard, a special education teacher at Laney High School, brings her class to work with Theatre For All during the school year. "I've never taken a dance class, I've never taken a theater class," she admits with a laugh, but she is on stage nonetheless. At Laney, the classwork leads up to the "Exceptionally Talented Showcase" at the end of the year. "The day they come — everyone: staff, students — are like, 'Is it 'Theatre For All' day?'" says Bullard. With 20 years of experience teaching exceptional students, she is amazed at the growth her students have shown in supporting each other and their work in Theatre For All. With close to 35 students participating at Laney, it is an exciting class.

"We jammed out and rocked the county," Henry gushes after a class in September. "We've got a lot of personality on stage," Bullard beams.

Bullard points out that it takes a lot of fundraising to make Theatre For All a reality. She also hopes that in the long-term, Theatre For All will become an even more inclusive troupe, including both disabled and non-disabled people exploring art together.

Perhaps that joining together is an idea whose time has come. With Bitty & Beau's Coffee Shop opening in Wilmington, garnering national publicity (Rachael Ray, CNN), the idea of a diversity-centered business celebrating people with disabilities can succeed and even thrive. But this was not always the case. In fact, even recent history for people with disabilities includes marginalization, separatism and silence.

Don Furst hopes that as Theatre For All grows, so will the audience. "Dylan, Kim and Gina show impressive devotion. They are professionals who could easily choose to limit their efforts to a conventionally talented population, but they are choosing to work with people whom society often views as the weakest," he observes. "Such devotion increases the value and worth of this special group, indicating that they are worth working with."

So what is a Theatre For All performance like? We stopped by a performance of Dr. Seuss' "The Lorax" to find out.

The tell-tale pre-show sizzle of anticipation fills the air. Henry appears center stage with a big smile to deliver the curtain speech. "This creation you are about to see was created by this amazing group of people in four mornings," she tells the audience. For consummate professionals, putting together a performance-ready show in four mornings would be a challenge, but apparently that is *de rigueur* at Theatre For All.

Then Henry introduces the warm-up act: Alon McGrath, the proverbial tall, dark and handsome stranger who launches into a stand-up comedy act that is nothing short of breathtaking. From impressions of The Beatles and jokes about science

he segues into a story about going to the grocery store recreated entirely with voices and characters from Seinfeld. It's better than a lot of what I have seen at comedy clubs. He nails the pitch, the timing and the material. But more than that, his work is polished and confident.

Just when one starts to wonder if Larry David knows about Alon, he takes a bow for his comedy and dons a hat to play the fast-talking Once-ler who harvests the Truffula trees to make "thneeds." Bar-ba-loots drum, Swomee-Swans perform a fan dance, and Humming-Fish pirouette as the audience sits by, entranced by performers loving their moment in the sun. One doesn't notice any disability, only the ability of the actors to tell the tale. Elements of puppetry and improvisation emerge when the thneed is introduced; everyone in the cast takes turns passing it around and naming the magical item it can become.

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Free performances of "The Journey," an original work, Tuesday, December 13 at 7 p.m., at TheatreNow, 19 S. 10th St., Wilmington. Class and sponsorship information available online at www.superstaracademy.org/theatre-for-all

*Gwenyfar Rohler spends her days managing her family's bookstore on Front Street.*


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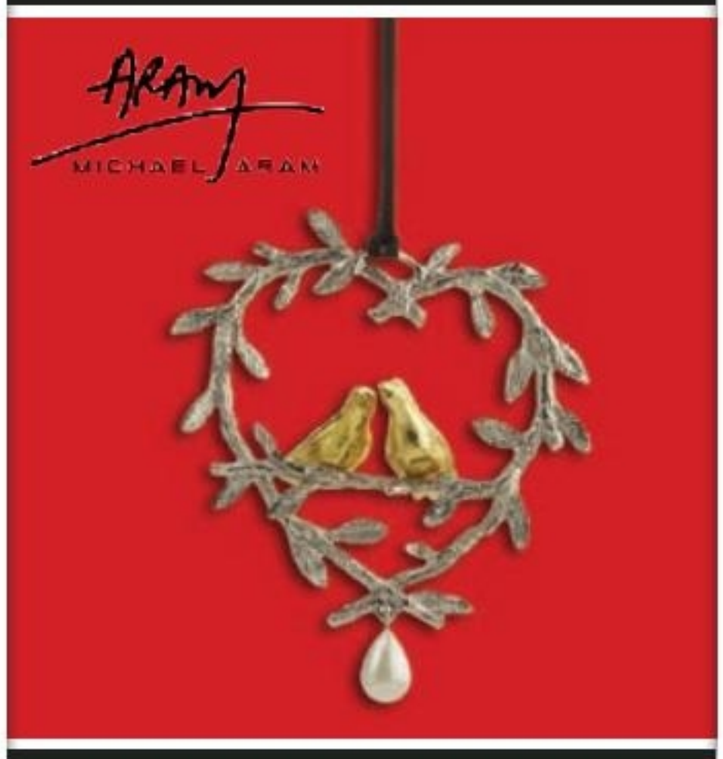


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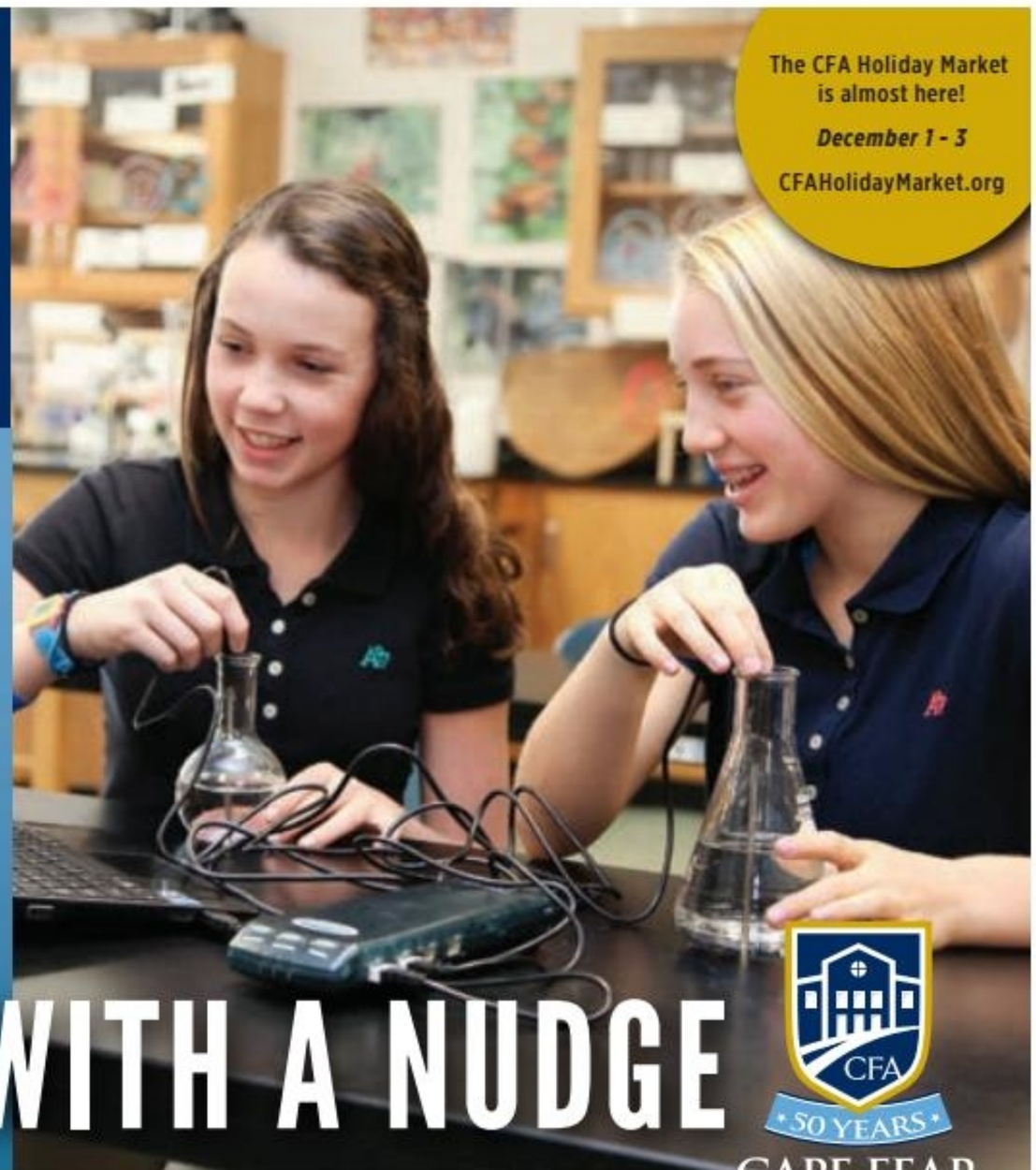


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# The Walrus and the Carpenter

*In other words, Oyster Season is upon us*

*"A loaf of bread," the Walrus said,*
*"Is what we chiefly need:*
*Pepper and vinegar besides*
*Are very good indeed –*
*Now if you're ready, Oysters dear,*
*We can begin to feed."* — Lewis Carroll

By Jason Frye

**When my mustache** gets too long my wife says it looks "walrus-y." As in, it resembles the whiskers worn by walruses the world over.

In my defense I'd like to say four things.

- I never think my mustache gets too long.
- A walrus has no choice when it comes to facial hair.
- I think my mustache looks distinguished, presidential even (I'll give you a minute to Google Rutherford B. Hayes).
- Much like the beloved protagonist of the Lewis Carroll poem, I love oysters, and if I could get them to take a walk with me and admire the view, I'd take a whole bed of oysters out to the beach and make an evening of it.

Which is a roundabout way to say oyster season is upon us, so what are you waiting for — get shuckin'.

I grew up in the mountains, where oysters are an entirely different foodstuff. Here by the sea, they're exactly what they should be: bite-sized bivalves in a stony shell. How you eat them, that's up to you. Would you rather go at them raw, steamed, roasted or fried? On a sandwich or a cracker? Whether you prefer them like the Walrus — dolled up with a splash of vinegar — or the Carpenter — cooked simply and quickly — makes no matter, they're perfection in a bite either way.

While I prefer mine raw with a squeeze of lemon and a splash of champagne mignonette, eating the raw oyster (and the liquor in the shell) is an acquired taste, and many folks prefer to eat them roasted or steamed in the backyard, standing around a newspaper-covered picnic table, shucking them as best they can, and eating them on a saltine with a little horseradish or Texas Pete. Still others like them Calabash-style: fresh and flash-fried and served in heaps and mounds. But if you go to Calabash (go ahead, it's about 45 minutes south of Wilmington, and it's the birthplace of that namesake seafood style) in November, you'll find two kinds of oysters on the menu at Ella's of Calabash: fried and steamed. Fried they come, well, cornmeal and flour coated, crispy and delicious. Steamed they come in a big bucket and you gotta' shuck'em yourself. And they're hot, like the little rocks the massage therapist uses. And they're hard to open. That little oyster shucking knife will open a hand faster and easier than an oyster. I call mine Vlad the impaler.

Me, I like them raw. If I'm going to shuck them myself, I buy a peck from Mott's Channel or Seaview Crab Company or Eagle Island, make a mignonette and go to town. But if I get them out, I like Brasserie du Soleil.

The raw bar there is small, but it's always incredibly fresh. The selection of oysters is limited — four, five, maybe six types — but it's curated. You'll find Bluepoints and Wellfleets and Kumamotos and even Olympias. But you'll also find local oysters. Not just the Stump Sounds or Topsail Selects, but other oysters from deep, secret beds known only to one or two people.

These other N.C. oysters, the ones with names that change week to week, have the flavor and texture to stand up to the better-known cold-water oysters. They're nutty and buttery; sometimes sweet, other times metallic; they're meaty and mineraly and briny. And often, when my wife and I order a dozen — the perfect way to sample two or three of each kind — we find our favorites are from waters nearby.

*Jason Frye is a travel writer and author of* Moon North Carolina *and* Moon NC Coast. *He's a barbecue judge, he rarely naps, and he's always on the road. Keep up with his travels at tarheeltourist.com.*

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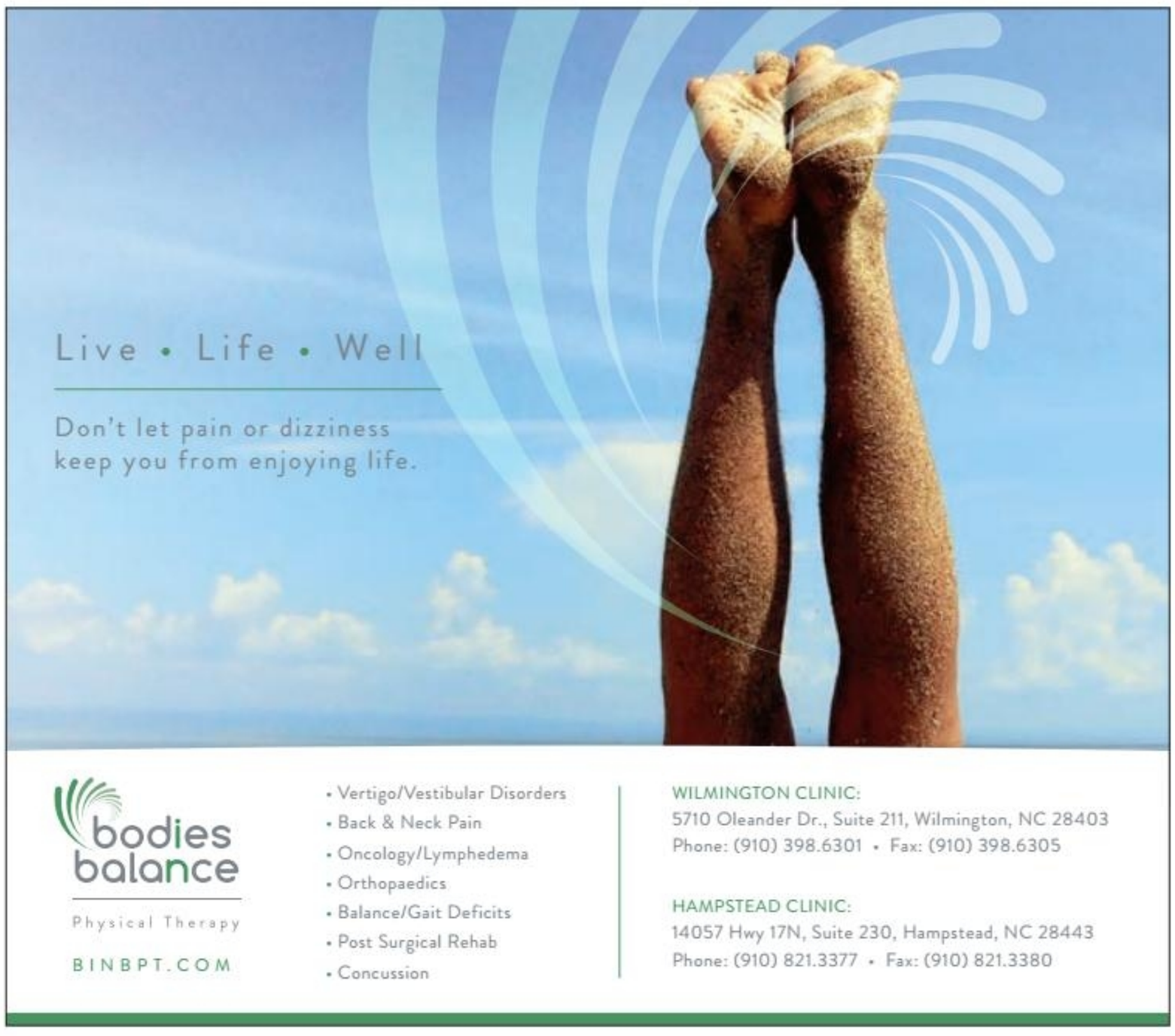
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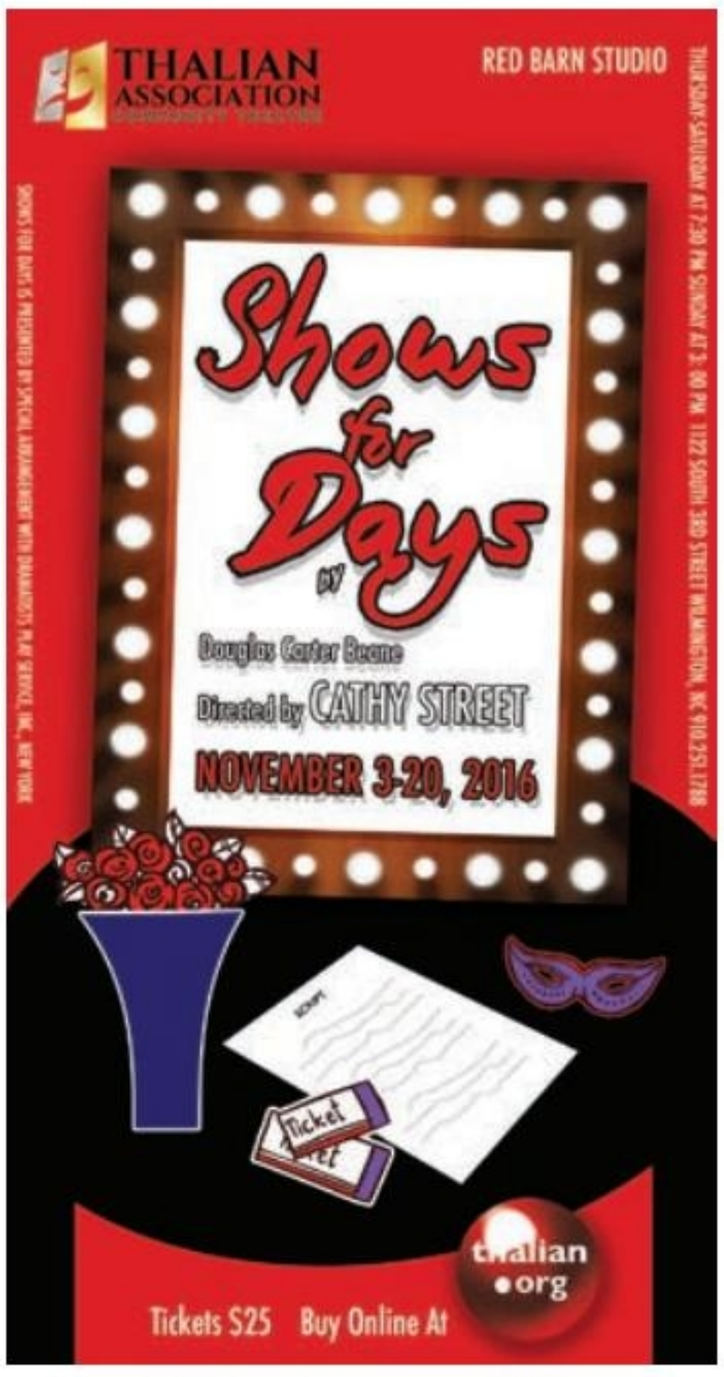
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# Long Walk Home

*For recent graduate Sandra Gonzalez, each day is one step closer to a way better life*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES STEFIUK

By Dana Sachs

**When the New Hanover High School class of 2016 graduated last spring, Sandra Gonzalez's parents, Jesus and Angelica, sat alongside hundreds of other proud families in UNCW's Trask Coliseum. Every one of those families overcame challenges so that their student would graduate, but the Gonzalez family's journey was more arduous than most.**

Sandra, 18 years old, tells me her family's story over brunch at the Dixie Grill downtown. Their journey began, she says, in the small town of San Juan Bautista Guelache, in the Mexican state of Oaxaca. Born into poverty, neither Sandra's mother nor her father graduated from high school. In fact, Sandra's mom never even made it to middle school, having dropped out in order to work and care for her sick mother. In 1996, when she was 16 years old, she met Sandra's father. Two years later, she was pregnant.

Young couples were expected to build their own houses, but Jesus and Angelica had no money to build a house and no prospects for earning any money. The father-to-be had a friend, though, in the United States, and the friend said that a hard worker could earn a decent living there. *Should they head north*, they asked themselves? The young couple tried to assess the prospects for their baby's future. "My dad saw that they didn't have enough to give me," Sandra says. What's more, "they both dropped out of school, and they didn't want that for me."

They decided to emigrate so that their daughter would have a chance of a better life. Sandra's father left first, in 1998, only a few months after Sandra was born. After a grueling trip, he ended up in Wilmington, living in a house full of immigrants and working as a landscaper. He saved his money for a year and, when he had enough, he wired it back to Mexico so that his wife and baby could travel north and join him. Having crossed through desert on his own trip, Sandra's father saw other migrants suffering terribly in the heat. Fearful that his wife and daughter would not survive that route, he sent extra money so that their journey would be safer.

It wasn't. The smugglers who guided them made them cross the Rio Grande with nothing but tires to keep them afloat. Sandra's mother had to make the crossing with a baby in her arms, terrified that her daughter would drown. Once they made it to Texas, things didn't get any easier. They had to walk long distances and the baby screamed and cried, not letting anyone but her mother hold her. When the mother fell behind, one of the smugglers said, "If you keep slowing down, we'll leave you."

Sandra says, "That's when she realized that she had to keep going."

Meanwhile, in Wilmington, Sandra's father waited by the phone, hoping to hear from them. A week passed. Then two. He knew that some migrants died trying to cross the border, so when he didn't hear from them, he began to panic, feeling that he'd made a terrible mistake.

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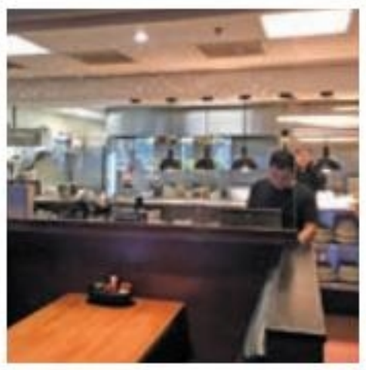
Then he received a call from Texas. They were safe.

Soon the reunited family began their new life in Wilmington. Sandra can't remember any of that difficult journey herself, but she has watched how hard her parents have worked to give her, and, later, her little brother, support and stability in life. These days, other family members are living in Wilmington, too. "When my uncles go to my house now they always talk about how hard (the journey) was, how much they wanted to give up."

The Dixie Grill is a downtown favorite, with people lining up on the sidewalk for weekend brunch. For Sandra, the meal offers a combination of familiar and unfamiliar flavors. For example, she has never eaten French toast before. The Dixie Grill serves its French toast covered in fruit, and Sandra likes the combination of bananas and maple syrup, plus the fact that, through a few decorative cuts in the kitchen, the cook has transformed a large strawberry into a blossoming flower. The French toast is "not just artsy," she says, "but it has flavor, too."

The Louisiana Hash — fried eggs over chopped spicy potatoes and chorizo sausage, served with a biscuit — is a dish that's more familiar to her. "It's like 'papas con chorizo'— basically sausage and potatoes — that my mom makes," Sandra says, "but she scrambles the eggs." Sandra recognizes the Mexican-inspired Huevos Rancheros, too, but she's interested to see that Dixie Grill offers its own particular take on the dish, serving scrambled eggs, seared beef tips with onions, peppers, mushrooms and black beans, all blanketed in melted cheese and served with tortillas. Dixie Grill's version is not what Sandra expected — her mom makes the dish with a spicy homemade salsa, refried beans and crumbly Oaxacan cheese — but she finds the restaurant's



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called Deferred Action for Childhood Arrivals allows her to legally work and go to school, but she can't receive federal financial aid. These days, she goes to school at Cape Fear Community College and holds down a job at a restaurant. She dreams about a career in criminal justice, and she hopes to become a voice for immigrants.

After graduation last June, Sandra's extended family gathered at her house for a celebratory feast. Her mom, Angelica, made Camarones a la Diabla, a Mexican dish of spicy shrimp served with rice and beans. It was results appealing. "Cheese," she says, laughing, "is my favorite part."

Sandra understands that a lot of people in the United States resent migrant families like hers. In fact, as a small child she was bullied in school for "how I talked, how I looked." She accepts the fact that she and her family are not welcomed by everyone here, but she'd like people to see how much they have in common with people born in this country, and how much they can contribute. "We're all humans," she says. "We're all fighting for our children to have better lives. I think we all want for them to be successful."

Because Sandra arrived in the United States as a child, and subsequently grew up here, a program

a happy afternoon, but Sandra knows she still had a long way to go with her education. Her parents "have huge hopes," she tells me. "They say, 'We always want you to be not just better than what we did, but *way* better.'"

The Dixie Grill, at 116 Market St., is open every day for breakfast, brunch or lunch. For more information, call (910) 762-7280 or visit https://thedixiegrillwilmington.wordpress.com.

*Dana Sachs' latest novel,* The Secret of the Nightingale Palace, *is available at bookstores throughout Wilmington.*

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# American Mythology

*Nothing lasts forever. Except perhaps the memory of a small town*

By Jason Mott

## Bolton, North Carolina.

### The people who live here have always lived here. They will always live here.

That's how small towns work. No one moves to a small town anymore. Traffic is only one way. A generational exodus in which the old give birth to the young, the young flee for the lights and lure of bigger cities like seeds cast into the wind. But a few children always remain. They grow into adults and dig themselves into the soil, just like the corn and soybeans they've spent their entire lives watching climb up from the soft, loamy Earth. And by this method — by these few who enjoy the feeling of deep roots — Bolton finds its perpetual equilibrium. Never growing, but never quite fading out of existence either.

Bolton is a town of roughly 600 people. And it's been that way as far back as I can remember. My father used to tell me about how, when he was a boy, the town had a paper mill and people came from miles around to work and live here. But then the paper mill moved and most of the people moved with it.

To live here means to commute. You commute to work. You commute to school. You commute to the movies. If you want a good steak and don't feel like cooking it yourself, you can plan on a 30-mile drive. There's no broadband internet. "Not financially feasible" is what the phone companies tell us. So time marches forward, the town remains.

I travel a lot for work. Los Angeles. Miami. Chicago. Made it to New York a few times and was once told by a man in a well-cut suit that small towns don't exist anymore. "They're just a mythology of the way America used to be," he said. I wanted to disagree with him, to point out that I was a living, breathing specimen of the thing he claimed didn't exist anymore. But I didn't. I'm not sure why.

Maybe it was because, on a certain level, I agreed with him. There is something mythological about small towns.

Ask someone about their childhood and, regardless of where they grew up, they're likely to tell you how their hometown — regardless of the metropolis it might have been — felt like a small town. They knew their neighbors, the man or woman at the corner grocery store, they walked home from school and weren't grappling with all the things that children today have to worry about. "Things were different when I lived there," someone once told me, speaking about the small town they used to know. "All the good things were still being made."

But then everything changed.

The world got bigger, and so did the small towns. Nothing was the way it used to be. Open fields were staked through the heart by apartment buildings. Empty stretches of beach transmuted into million-dollar homes that wash away with every hurricane season, only to sprout again the following year, refusing to rescind their place on the sand.

People fill up all the vacant places. Everyone is always closing in on one another. That's just the way the world is these days. The only small towns are those that haven't been hunted down by time and progress, the rumble of dump trucks and Olive Gardens

. . . That seems to be the belief.

But I, for one, can attest to something else. The small town still endures. It's still the place where everyone is your neighbor and, at night, the sky is still dark enough for stars to shine. A place where the sound of crickets is louder than the sound of bass music from a passerby two streets over. A place that only changes when you decide for it to change.

Nowadays everyone is from somewhere else. And everyone is always searching for home.

Me? I know where home is. It's at the end of a dirt road just off a two-lane blacktop that few people know about and even fewer actually travel down. Home is a certainty for me. I live in Bolton, North Carolina. A town of 600 people. A town of roots. I've lived here my whole life. Just like my father and his father before him.

There's nothing especially noble in that . . . but there's something special about it.

The time is approaching when I will no longer live here. I feel it in my bones, like feeling the air pressure change as a storm rolls in from the east, lumbering across the distant sky on shaggy legs of rain. Work and life and even love are slowly guiding my steps farther and farther away from this place. One day, the town I love will look for me and I will be gone.

Nothing lasts forever.

But maybe small towns will. Maybe the man in New York who called them a part of the American mythology knew something I didn't. After all, mythology is how we have always kept the great things alive. So maybe one day, when I'm living someplace else, I'll turn a corner and find myself in Bolton again. That's how mythological places work: I'll always be here.

*Jason Mott is a New York Times best-selling author, a UNCW alumni and current UNCW writer-in-residence.*

# The Power of Joy

*Brunswick County artist Mary Paulsen has found the true path to happiness*

By Anne Barnhill

**About 25 years ago,** I first discovered the artist Mary Paulsen as a roadside attraction in Brunswick County. Each year, my family would migrate to Holden Beach for a week at my dad's "fish camp." Of course, my mother and I would drive around the area, scoping out restaurants and consignment shops. We rode by a cluttered-looking place with a sign that said "Hundreds of Dolls and Doll Houses — $1.00 to go inside."

Years later, I did.

Mary Paulsen, red-haired and spry for 68, leads me through the labyrinth of what she calls the "treehouse," a group of 14 shed-sized dollhouses built around the branches of the large tree in her front yard. Linked by a boardwalk that rolls up and down like something from a Tim Burton film, this fanciful conglomeration is painted with bright colors and free-flowing designs of sunflowers, ladybugs and mermaids. "I built and painted every one of these boards," says Paulsen. "I started out building dollhouses. I just love doll babies and I have over 8,000 of them. I wanted them to have a home."

As we climb to each section of the "treehouse," we find a chapel, a school house, a tearoom and a kitchen, to name a few. Dolls are positioned within each: sitting at tables, lying in cribs or reclining on couches.

"I was in the middle of 10 children — we didn't have much. Daddy fished for a living and worked in tobacco fields. We didn't have a lot of toys. I only got one store-bought doll, a Tiny Tears — I still have her," says Paulsen. (I, too, got a Tiny Tears for Christmas one year. Sadly, I lost track of her.) Paulsen did have toys her parents made for her, dolls fashioned from rags and corn shucks. Her parents' ingenuity inspired her to create things herself, like clothes for her Tiny Tears doll from leftover scraps.

Like many girls from her era, Paulsen married at a young age.

"I was just 18 when I got married. When I turned 21, I started collecting dolls," says Paulsen. Eight years and two children later, Paulsen began building.

"My son, Toby, was 8 years old when I made my first doll furniture. I made a canopy bed, then marble nightstands. I didn't have any power tools — I did it all with a saw, a hammer and some nails." says Paulsen. "Toby told me I couldn't do it. I said, 'Watch me.'" She got a router for Christmas that year.

Sadly, Paulsen's husband died early in her marriage, leaving her with two small children, Toby and Penny, to raise on her own.

"I'm proud of my children and my grandbabies. The kids were raised in the power of the Lord. There were times when I didn't think we'd make it, but the Lord will provide," says Paulsen. The idea of Divine Providence is a concept Paulsen has always held onto.

"Almost 20 years ago, I was standing at the kitchen sink. The Lord gave me a vision — I was supposed to 'reverse paint' on glass. I'd never painted or taken art lessons in my life. But somehow. . . I knew exactly what to do," remembers Paulsen. The next morning, she painted her first "reverse glass" painting and sold it the next day. "Each time I pick up an unpainted window pane, a vision will flash before my face, quick but very clear," says Paulsen.

Paulsen will paint on any surface that strikes her fancy: rocks, bottles, plates, even surfboards. Her method is simple and fast, allowing her to produce an enormous quantity of work.

Words like cheerful, colorful, fun, innocent and contemporary describe much of Paulsen's work. The energy and joy she takes in creating her art is transposed into the work itself. Though a "folk" or "outsider" artist, she has exhibited in galleries in Chicago and Charlotte and the Marietta Cobb Museum. Private collections in Australia, Brazil, China and all across Europe hold her work. Countless articles have been written about Paulsen as well as one book, *We Will Have Color*, and a documentary film, *Mary's Gone Wild!*. She adopted the title of the film as the name of her studio/house/gallery.

"People tell me my artwork makes them feel happy, full of joy and peace. God told me my painting would be worldwide to the glory of His kingdom," Paulsen says of her art. "I think of it as a ministry." Though a deeply religious woman, she doesn't attend any particular church. Nestled in the center of her elaborate compound, she raises her arms and says, "This is my church." She says people visit her for prayers and healings and the evidence of her divine pro-

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANNAH SHARPE

tection is all around. "I've been protected through nine hurricanes and not one of the buildings has been harmed."

Her faith also directs the practical parts of being an artist. "I don't price them — the Lord does," explains Paulsen. Prices range from $4 – $4,000 depending on size and complexity. Though she sells a lot of work and receives countless visitors, she isn't getting rich. Most of her earnings go to feed hungry children.

"Struggling early on, I feel for people who are going without," says Paulsen, "I've been through hard times and have been weeks without a dollar. When I was growing up, we might get a candy bar for Christmas. We had to split that candy bar into 10 pieces, one for each child. I'm happy to know I've helped feed lots of children from my small house in North Carolina."

If you head to the back of Mary's Gone Wild, you'll find even more strange and unusual things: a round room built with wine bottles; a boat made of bottles along with a wishing well; a Coca-Cola house filled with everything from old-fashioned Coke glasses and bottles to a Coke mini refrigerator; a Betty Boop house, which also contains an Elvis corner, a Marilyn Monroe section and a few James Dean items; a jailhouse built of beer bottles; and a chapel made of glass bricks.

And Paulsen's not finished yet. "Next, I want to build a Pepsi Cola house, but I won't put it near the Coke house — they might fight!"

It has been said that creativity is the antidote to violence and destruction. Paulsen, who happily makes art daily, is one of the most contented people I've had the pleasure of meeting. "This is the best therapy you'll ever have," she says, pointing to her smiling mermaids and her sunny yellow flowers.

These days, on the wall of my office hangs one of those colorful mermaids with blonde hair and a glass-beaded tail on a bright aqua background. Slivers of a mirror are scattered throughout the hair and two purple Mardi Gras strands curl like snakes on top of her head. I bought it for 75 bucks to remind me of the joy of creating — in my case, writing novels. Now, when I feel discouraged, I look at Paulsen's mermaid and remember: joy — it's all about joy.

Visit Mary's Gone Wild, 2431 Holden Beach Road SW, Supply, NC Hours of operation: 9 a.m. — 9 p.m., 365 days a year. Admission: Free (donations are accepted and will be given to Paulsen's charity of choice). More information at www.marysgone-wild.com

*Anne Barnhill's latest novel,* The Beautician's Notebook, *set on the NC coast, will be released in April, 2017.*

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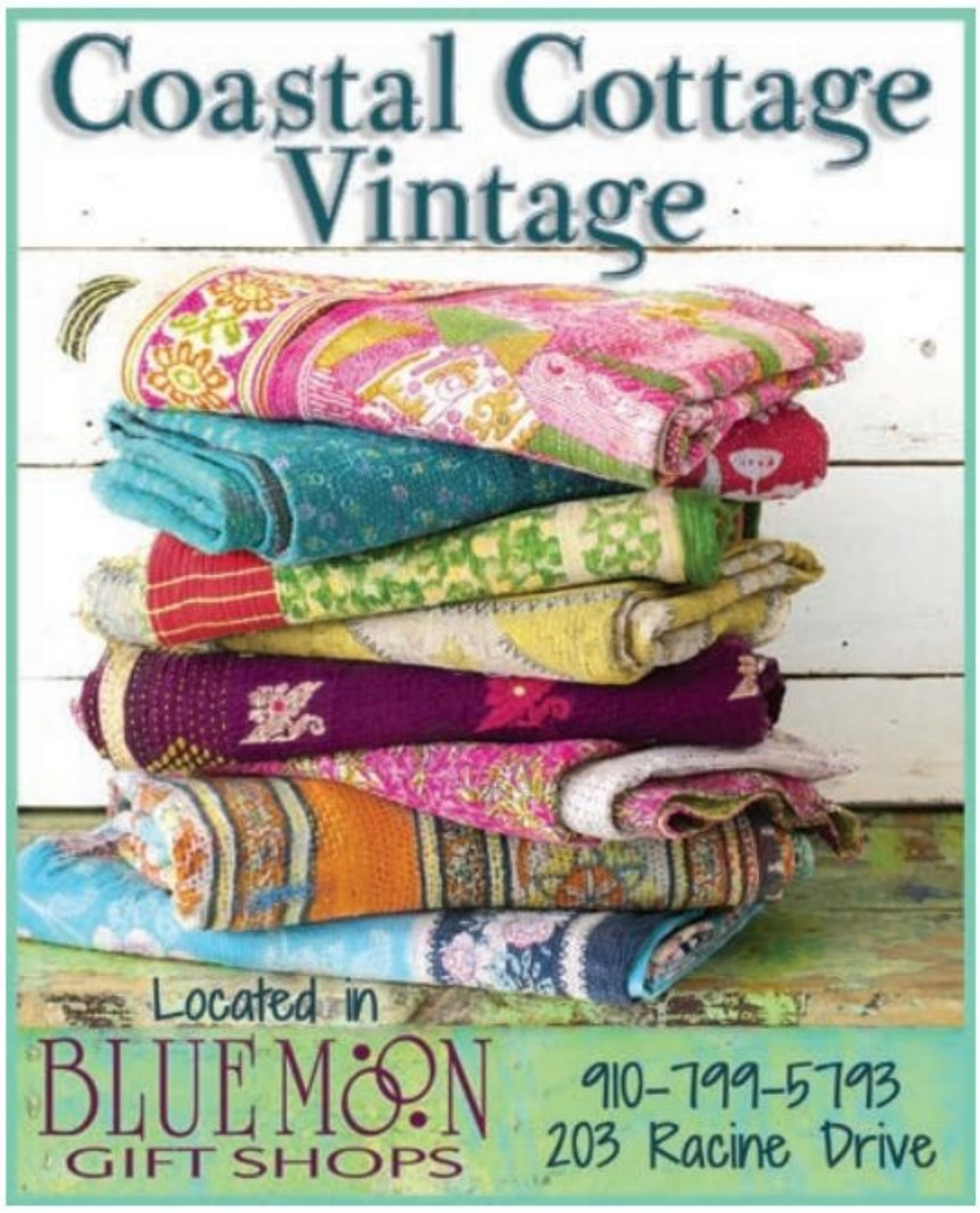
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# Wild Turkey

## *America's Runner-Up*

By Susan Campbell

**Shorter days and cooler nights now embolden our thoughts of the holiday season. Thanksgiving is not that far off – and that means turkey. Most of us look forward to feasting on the tender meat of this domesticated, large member of the fowl family. But its wild ancestors are a far cry from the bird we prepare on the fourth Thursday of November each year.**

Anyone who has had the opportunity to taste a "real" turkey will tell you that there is no comparison. But hunters who pursue wild birds are far more often skunked than successful. Turkeys seem to have a sixth sense when being called or decoyed in. Fooling one of these birds, to call them within range, proves to be the biggest challenge hunters (or photographers, for that matter) face.

Not many people know that the wild turkey was very nearly our national bird. The turkey is, in fact, the only bird species native to the United States. Benjamin Franklin nominated the turkey for this honor, but the vote lost in Congress – by only one – to the bald eagle, back in the late 18th century.

Although the cultivated variety is completely white, rotund and not very bright, forest-dwelling turkeys are glossy black, wary in nature, and rather agile for a bird with a wingspan of over 5 feet. Typically found in mature forests with clearings, they take advantage of open fields as well. Turkeys forage on insects, small berries, seeds and buds. Interestingly, one of their favorite fall foods, acorns, are often abundant in our part of the state.

Individuals are known to associate in large flocks of 50 or more birds. In the early spring, older males will attract, attend to and defend a flock of several females. At this time, they can be heard gobbling and strutting in their signature puffed-up posture. Only during the early part of the breeding season, in April and May, are the birds are solitary. Once the chicks hatch and reach about 4 weeks of age, hens will gather together with their young and form what I like to think of as "playgroups." These small flocks may associate for a period of weeks, well into the fall.

In the early 1970s there were not much more than a million turkeys in total, on the landscape. Persecution and habitat alteration resulted in dramatic reduction in their population. Now, there are over 7 million throughout not only the United States, but parts of southern Canada and northern Mexico.

Here in North Carolina, turkeys can be found in almost every county. In recent years, flock sizes have been increasing in places like Brunswick or Holly Shelter Game Land. It is not surprising that these big birds now show up to even take advantage of spilled seed around bird feeders and forage in grassy vegetation along our roadways, as well as looking for insects in agricultural fields across the area. So, keep your eyes peeled! You, too, may spot one – or a flock – of these majestic birds here in the Wilmington area.

*Susan would love to receive your wildlife sightings and photos via email at susan@ncaves.com*

# The Birdwoman Cometh

*Down a narrow country road in Castle Hayne, the lives of wild birds are being saved*

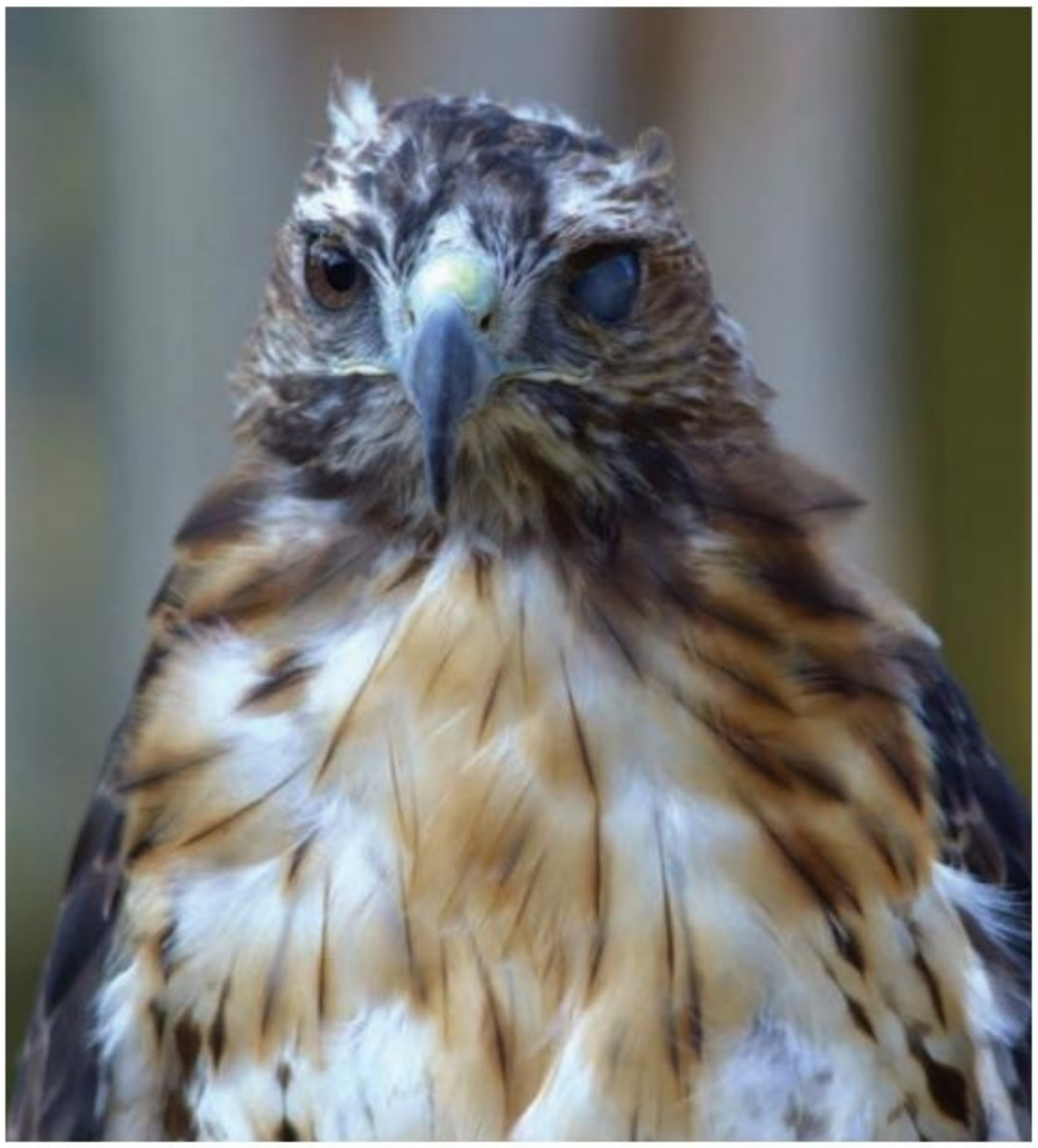
Story and Photographs by Virginia Holman

# Tucked away on a narrow country road in Castle Hayne, behind a modest vine-covered brick home, is Skywatch Bird Rescue's new facility. There's no permanent signage; if not for the banner out front, you'd have no idea that behind the garden gates lies a growing 10-acre avian paradise. There are outdoor aviaries that house injured pelicans and herons, a dim aviary for a great horned owl, a large aviary for two rescued blue and gold macaws, an aviary full of songbirds in various states of rehabilitation, and even two ponds for more mobile waterfowl such as black swans, great egrets and Muscovy ducks.

Skywatch's founder and director, Amelia Mason, oversees every aspect of this impressive operation. Her love of wild animals began early: She grew up in Kruger National Park in South Africa, the largest wild game reserve in the world. (Her mother ran the park's small airport.) Mason's interactions with wild creatures and veterinarians, rangers, trackers and wildlife guides stoked her desire to learn more. When she arrived in North Carolina as a young woman, she volunteered with Carolina Waterfowl Rescue in Charlotte and eventually became a federally certified wildlife rehabilitator.

Mason feels that injured birds sometimes come to her and that sometimes she is led to them. The first week after she relocated to Wilmington, she and her husband were canoeing and came upon a blue heron tangled in fishing line and drowning.

"I called and called, and realized that there wasn't a good bird rehabilitation program in New Hanover County." Mason found that this gap was leaving many birds in dire straits, because individuals can't keep and rehabilitate migratory birds for more than 24 hours while actively seeking help. In fact, it's a federal offense to keep a migratory bird, one that carries a fine of $15,000 per bird. So, in 2010, Mason started Skywatch Bird Rescue.



"People think that just as with dogs and cats, tax dollars go to care for unwanted and injured birds, but that's not the case." Mason points out that the rescued wild and domestic birds brought to Skywatch aren't there for natural reasons. "They are here for a variety of reasons. Perhaps someone shot them, injured them with discarded fishing line, or they swallowed a fish hook, or a dog attacked them, and so on. Almost all are injured in ways related to human activities."

Many well-meaning but unlicensed amateur rescuers try to help birds in ways that are harmful. For instance, Mason gets many birds with water in their lungs. "People drop water into the bird's mouth. Because a bird's anatomy differs from ours, that water goes to the lungs and creates breathing problems and introduces a breeding ground for bacterial infection." The best thing any good Samaritan can do is to call a certified bird rescue group like Skywatch before doing anything.

Skywatch is now a highly regarded wildlife rehabilitation facility, and Mason is a federally licensed wildlife rehabilitator. The facility boasts a volunteer staff of 14, though more committed volunteers are always needed. In addition, Skywatch received a $35,000 grant from the Women's Impact Network of New Hanover County to expand Skywatch's programs and fund the much-needed upgrade of their on-site bird hospital facility, which flooded during last October's epic rainstorm. Hurricane Matthew did cause flooding and some cage damage *this* October, but most of the birds were evacuated and they weathered the storm safely. All funds go to help care for the birds, as neither Mason nor her volunteers collect a paycheck. At this time, donations cover about 45 percent of Skywatch's needs, Mason pays the remaining portion out of her personal funds.

As Skywatch becomes well-known, the number of rescues arriving at the facility is increasing dramatically. "This past spring we had over 700 baby birds." Some were knocked out of the nest by storms; others were injured by house cats. Unfortunately, many baby birds were brought in by well-meaning but overzealous rescuers. Mason points out that "people often find baby birds hopping around on the ground and think they are abandoned when they are simply fledging." She explains that many birds leave the nest a day or so before they can fly, but that

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the watchful parents are nearby tending their chicks. "We had so many 'rescued' babies this year that we left a message on our voicemail and social media pages in order to educate people about fledglings." Mason and her volunteer staff also visit area festivals, parks, schools, and businesses like Petsmart to help educate the public about wild birds.

Skywatch occasionally assists with the rescue and rehabilitation of escaped pet birds and birds such as roosters. She explains that they get two types of roosters: those that come in from ignorant backyard breeders who didn't purchase their chicks sexed and don't want to cull (kill) or pay to care for the roosters, and roosters obtained through cockfighting busts. "The fighting roosters that come in are often so sad. Some can be rehabilitated, but some have been in so many fights that their combs have been torn off completely, and their heads are smooth." However, she emphasizes that Skywatch is not a dumping ground for unwanted pet birds. In such cases, she directs people to organizations such as the Cape Fear Parrot Sanctuary.

Occasionally, she'll receive birds from hoarders. She has four elegant emus confiscated from a Brunswick County home and a mated pair of blue and gold macaws she's named Hansel and Gretel. I peer into the macaws' enclosure and notice that the female's breast is completely bare. "She's picked out all of her feathers," says Mason. "We got them from a hoarder who kept them in a small rusted cage covered in filth. She claimed she had rescued them from a man who was selling exotic birds out of a storage container. The birds have suffered so much abuse. The feather picking, or trichotillomania, will never go away. She's suffered too much. You'll see that the male is missing feathers on his head. That's because when she is done picking out her feathers, she picks the feathers on his head, and he lets her because they're a mated pair, and he loves her." Mason explains that Gretel has improved over the last couple of years: She's on anti-anxiety medication and in winter is made more comfortable with a heat lamp and a small jacket that covers her featherless breast.

Though Skywatch's primary goal is the rescue, rehabilitation and release or placement of wild and domestic birds, some rescues have become permanent residents and education birds. Two raptors, Achilles the red-tailed hawk and Venus the barn owl, are two such birds. A well-meaning person rescued Venus and attempted to rehabilitate the bird himself. The owlet imprinted on him, which means the owl will forever view a human as his parent. Achilles, the red-tailed hawk, is blind in one eye from crashing into a car.

Mason reminds people that something many of us enjoy doing, feeding bread to waterfowl like ducks, can actually cause irreparable damage to the birds. The problem is two-fold: "The ducks come to rely upon humans and bread and can develop a condition called angel wing, in which the bones in the wing twist and point away from the body." Due to the results of such malnourishment, these birds can't fly and often suffer an early death. "Wildlife education is so important. That's one reason we want to expand our facility, so that we can educate school groups and others."

As I look around at Mason's 10-acre sanctuary, I tell her I can't imagine, even with 14 volunteers, how she does so much. She tosses her golden curls back and laughs a gentle, understated laugh.

"Well," she says, "it's a long, busy day here pretty much every day."

---

Skywatch is not open for public tours, but does have volunteer opportunities. Visit www.skywatchbirdrescue.org to find out more about bird rescue, volunteering or to make a donation. To contact Skywatch about an injured bird, call (855) 40-RESCU or (855) 407-3728.

*Author Virginia Holman, a regular* Salt *columnist, teaches in the creative writing department at UNC Wilmington and occasionally guides with Kayak Carolina.*

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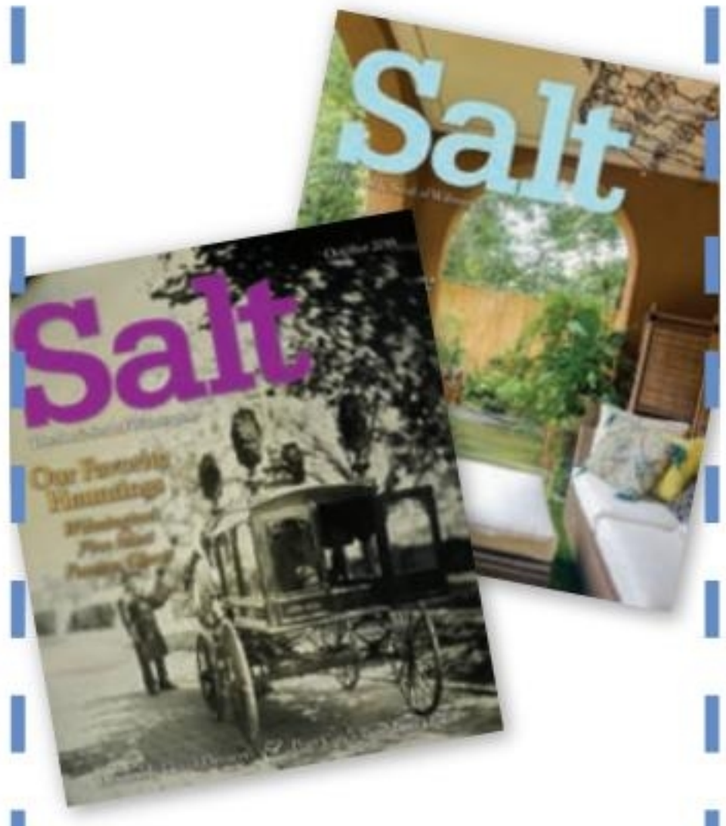


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## BIRD FEEDER

*I never said*
*we weren't sunk in glittering nature,*
*until we are able to become something else.*
*– Mary Oliver*

Perches pique a matter of strategic
challenges, this chess game of
poached positions and rotating
flurries of chromatic energy,
as if the flash and dash of feathers
in flight was more about the dance
and not the flush of necessity's plight . . .

as if we ourselves were not also
in restless rush, breathing out
the flux and plottings of our small
and uncertain profundities.

*– Connie Ralston*

Photograph by Andrew Sherman

# Secrets of the Deep

*A pair of colorful and passionate marine archaeologists bring the Civil War to the surface*

By Jim Moriarty

PHOTOGRAPH BY JASON NUNN

*Head of North Carolina's division of marine archaeology, John W. "Bill Ray" Morris, left, and Archaeological Dive Supervisor, Greg Stratton*

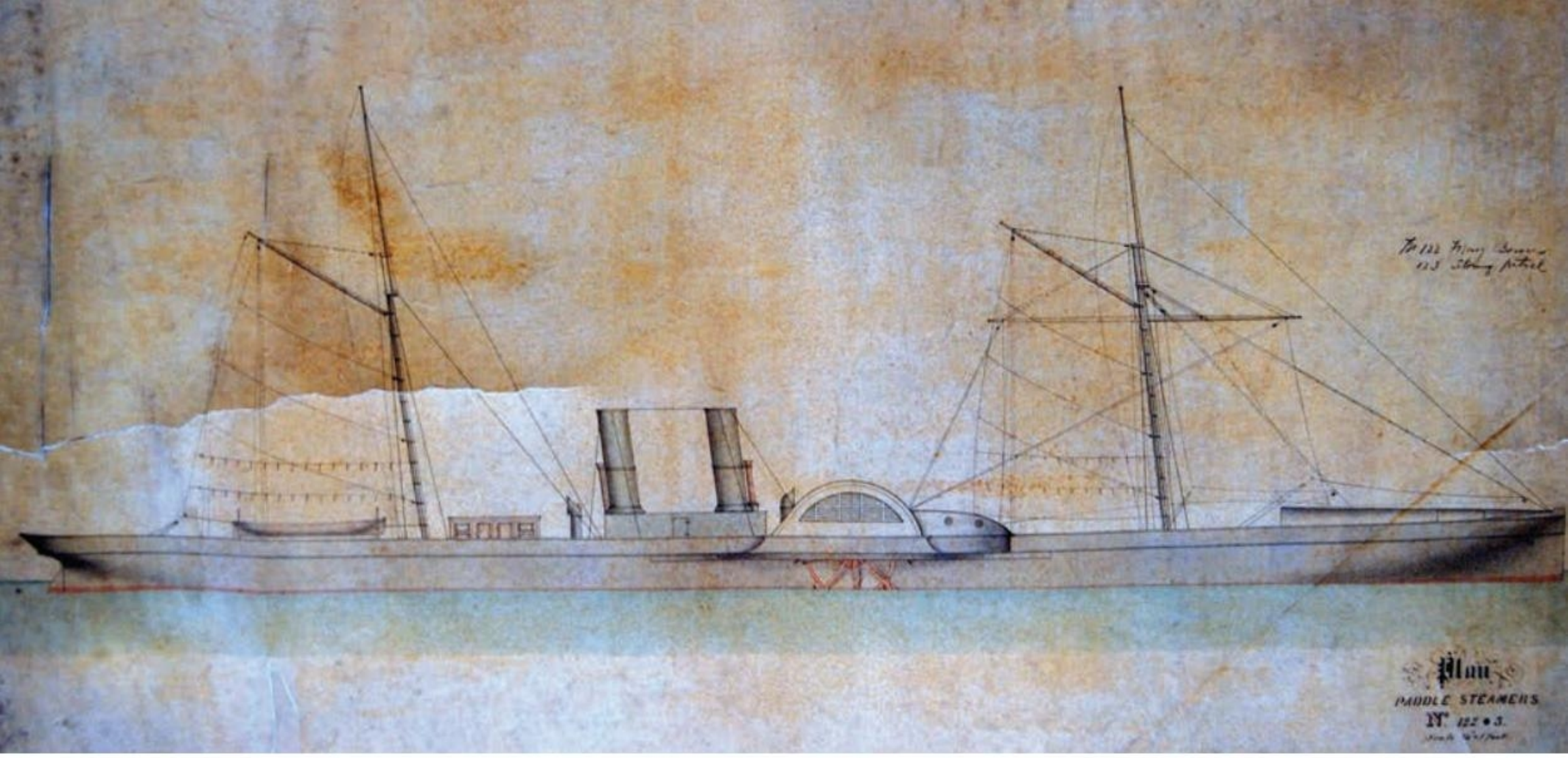
Imagine Indiana Jones in a wetsuit and a mask instead of a leather jacket and a fedora. Forgo the melting faces of Nazis and the Thugee priest with that whole snatch-your-heart-out-of-your chest thing. Make it something more along the lines of a couple of guys with ribcages expanded from a lifetime of breathing underwater, advanced degrees on the walls and cabinet drawers stuffed full of charts and maps — guys who live and breathe a passion for finding and preserving the bits and pieces of our collective barnacle-covered heritage, even if they do get their air out of a tank. The deputy state archaeologist-underwater, John W. "Billy Ray" Morris III, and his archaeological dive supervisor, Greg Stratton, spend most of their work-day researching databases at computers in a World War II-era cinderblock building tucked so far back in the live oaks near the entrance to Fort Fisher there's a sign on the door that says:

> Keep this Door Closed!
> Snakes and other critters
> are
> Coming into the Building

So, at least they've got the reptiles covered, Indiana Jones-wise.

Morris is North Carolina's fourth head of underwater archaeology. He met the first one, Gordon Watts, when he was 15 years old. "I was putting my wetsuit on to go surfing right behind that window right there," says Morris, pointing out the back window of his office. "Gordon came wandering out and said, 'What are you doin'?' and I said, 'I'm going surfin' dude. What are you doing?' and he said he was the underwater archaeologist for the state of North Carolina. I said nobody's got that job."

Now, Morris does and it's as good a fit as a dive skin. You might as well say he began prepping for it before he was in grade school. His uncle David Midgely was an underwater demolition team diver in the Navy who took his young nephew under his wing, holding him below the surface with one arm and sharing his breathing regulator with him with the other from the time Morris




*Sunk off Kure Beach, the Stormy Petrel is one of the Confederate blockade runners in the Cape Fear Civil War Shipwreck District*

was 5 years old. After getting a degree at UNCW and a master's in marine archaeology from East Carolina University, Morris built a globetrotting career out of combing through other people's wreckage. Bermuda. France. Jamaica. Trinidad. Tobago. Ecuador. El Salvador. California. Canada. Labrador. Mexico. Nevis. St. Eustatius. The Bahamas. Spain. And, most especially, Florida, where he created the Lighthouse Archaeological Maritime Program. "If I've missed any, they'll come back to me," he says.

"I spent 15 years every summer working for the Naval History and Heritage Command on the CSS Alabama off the coast of Cherbourg in France," says Morris. "Then I spent five years hanging out in Bermuda working on a Spanish messenger vessel called a patache. We recovered that entire vessel, which is kind of a rarity." Fresh from graduate school, Morris worked on one of Lord Cornwallis' scuttled ships in Yorktown. "We did a bunch of crap with BBC and National Geographic for that one," he says. "But, the project that will always stick with me is the Alabama. To get to dive on that wreck was really special, plus we got to live in France three months out of the year. I had absolutely no complaints about hanging out on the French coast every summer."

The Alabama, commanded by the legendary commercial raider Raphael Semmes, was sunk by the USS Kearsarge in a celebrated naval battle in 1864. Éduard Manet recreated the engagement in a painting that hangs in the Philadelphia Museum of Art. "It was 220 feet deep," says Morris of the Alabama wreck. "We did the work with the French Navy because it's inside a French exclusion zone for a nuclear submarine base. Gordon Watts was the project director. Because of the depth we had to wear two tanks on our backs, two tanks under our arms and another one on our stomachs. You only had an hour and 15 minutes that you could work on the site before the current got so bad it would blow you to England."

Just a routine day at the office, except maybe for that time Morris' regulator blew at 200 feet. He and Watts buddy-breathed their way to safety. "I don't think Gordon's heartbeat even went up," says Morris. "When we got back to the boat I suggested it was time for a few adult beverages."

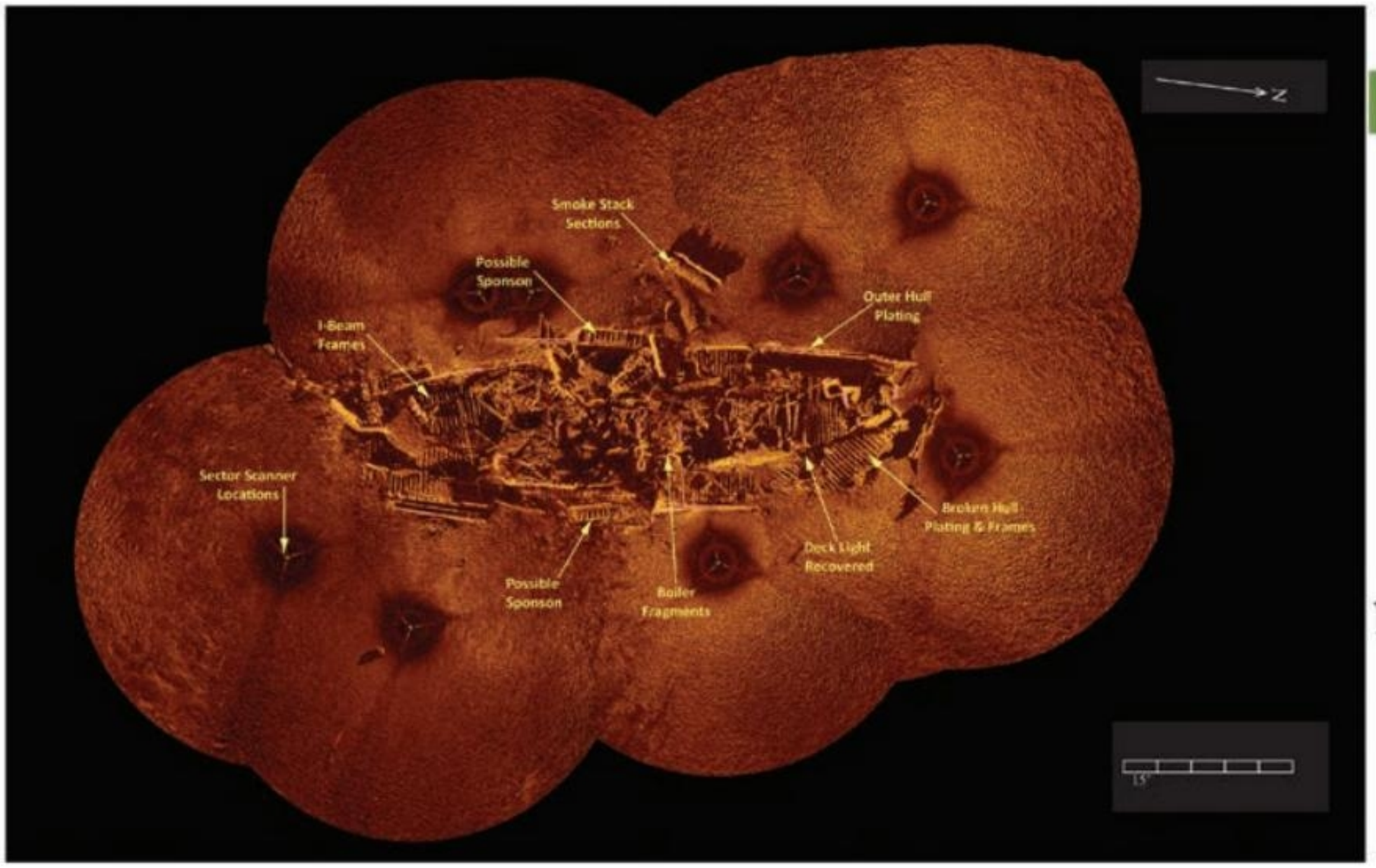
It was, after all, France. "We would stagger three dive teams five minutes apart. First group would start something, second group would do most of the work, third group would clean up. We managed to intersperse it with cheese and red wine. I was not one of the divers that drank a glass of red wine and then dive, but the French Navy guys, they'd polish off a couple of glasses while they were suiting up. I'm like, how can you do that? They'd say, we've done it from birth. Those guys were really, really good."

The wreck in Bermuda was a small messenger vessel that went down in 1582. "I made a series of research models that are on exhibit in the National Museum of Bermuda," says Morris. "When conservation is completed we'll put the ship back together as a focal point for the museum's display. They took one of the site drawings I made and used it for the back of the $50 bill in Bermuda, which was really cool. I called my parents and told them. When it came out they gave me bill 00001 and I insured it and mailed it to my mom. She gets it and she's like, 'Your picture's not on it, Bill.' 'That's the Queen,' I said, 'I drew the picture on the back, Mom. They like me there but not *that* much.'"

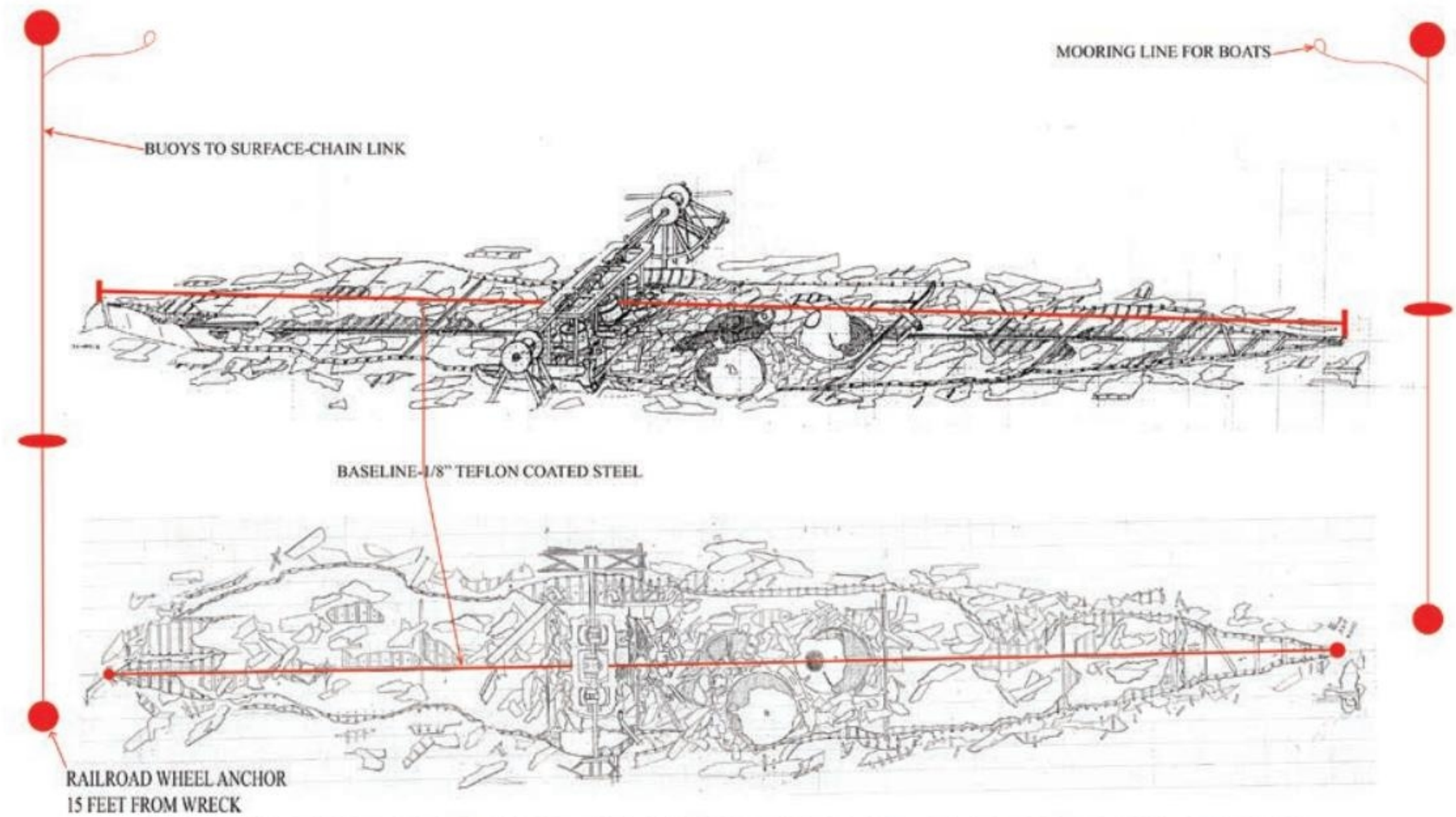
If Morris is built like a linebacker, the position he played at Wilmington's John T. Hoggard High School, Stratton looks like he could play tight end for his beloved University of Texas Longhorns. Born and raised in Beaumont, Stratton was living in Austin before moving to North Carolina. "I came to this later in life," he says of his archaeological career. "I was a home builder and I was in the military for eight years before that. I waited until both my children graduated high school. I decided to go back to school for what Dad wanted to do. Loved history. Loved archaeology. Started looking around for a degree that has it and I ended up at East Carolina." And, ultimately, in an office that's hardly more than a few football fields away from the largest collection of Civil War shipwrecks in the United States.

The Cape Fear Civil War Shipwreck Discontiguous District is listed on the National Register of Historic Places. Wilmington's two channel passages (there's only one now) at the mouth of the Cape Fear River, separated by the navigational obstacle of Frying Pan Shoals, was the lone holdout in the South's desperate attempt to thwart the Union's naval blockade. The wrecks of the ships designed specifically to slip through the blockade, along with a few unlucky Union blockaders, remain in the shallow waters so near to shore it seems

*Billy Ray Morris with artifacts from the blockade runner Modern Greece brought up decades ago by Navy divers*
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANDREW SHERMAN




Sonar Mosaic of the Blockade Runner Agnes E. Fry




BLOCKADE RUNNER *CONDOR* SITE PLAN FOR DIVE PARK

as though you could wade out and touch them.

Blockade running was a dangerous, and lucrative, business. "Fifty percent of a blockade runner's cargo had to be military in nature. That was Confederate law," says Morris. "It took the boat owners and the captains about 30 seconds to realize this was the most lucrative trade on the face of the planet. You can look in the records of the *Wilmington Journal* or Charleston or Mobile. If you wanted the latest Paris fashion or good Scotch whisky, they brought that in and that was personal profit. There were captains that made so many successful runs they were wealthy men the rest of their lives. So, you got the best engineers, the best captains, the best sailors on those boats."

The blockade runners were unarmed, fast and camouflaged. "These were the cigarette boats of their day, 221 feet long, super advanced," says Morris. They had iron hulls, coal-fired steam engines and state-of-the-art paddlewheels. Nothing the Union had could catch them. "They went out to island entrepôts in Bermuda or Nassau or Havana, loaded up and sprinted in. They were painted a really, really pale gray. The masts and the funnels would either fold down or telescope down. The upper decks would be painted white. There are records of some of them being painted a dark red with gray camouflage patterns. I was sitting in a bar down on the waterfront in Colombia and I saw a cigarette boat that was painted red with dark gray stripes on it and I thought about the blockade runners because I didn't think that cigarette boat was painted that way for show. I didn't have the audacity to walk up and ask them if I could take a picture."

So thoroughly researched are the Civil War wrecks that of the 27 blockade runners and seven Union blockaders from Lockwood's Folly to Bogue Inlet, there are only seven Morris figures he couldn't go out to in their 23-foot Parker with the 250 horse four-stroke engine and lay his hands on — and that doesn't include a pair of ironclads and a couple of post-war vessels. The laying on of hands is pretty much how Stratton came upon their last discovery, or more properly rediscovery, the Agnes E. Frye, a blockade runner built in Scotland and named after the wife of its commander, Naval Lt. Joseph Frye. Since the wrecks can be either buried under the sand or resurrected by any passing tropical storm, relocating the Frye was an archaeologist's treasure trove. So poor was the visibility, Stratton found the Frye, whose holds may yet contain undisturbed cargo from the ship's fourth attempt at evading Union pursuit in 1864, by "starfishing" on the bottom. "We found her with a side scan sonar," he says. "I was the first one to drop in. The first thing I found was a piece of the hull. It took all the skin off my knuckles."

*Greg Stratton making a site map of Stormy Petral*

While the current cause célèbre of North Carolina shipwrecks is Blackbeard's Queen Anne's Revenge, site work there has slowed while preservation catches up. "For every dollar you spend in the field," says Morris, "the rule of thumb is that you'll spend 40 in the lab. Half of the Queen Anne's Revenge is up, the other half is still down there. It's going to be decades before all that stuff is conserved. The lab is really focusing on catching up on a lot of the material because that's an extremely significant wreck." In addition to Morris and Stratton, the Fort Fisher office has two other archaeologists, Chris Southerly and Nathan Henry, who work on conservation and environmental review projects.

The hiatus from the leftovers of North Carolina's most famous pirate has allowed Morris and Stratton to focus their attention on the blockade runners, including the goal of creating a kind of Civil War dive park, or at least the beginnings of one, on the blockade runner Condor. "I'm a real big believer in creating a sense of stewardship through education," says Morris. "Those wrecks don't belong to me. They belong to every single person that lives in North Carolina. It's our shared heritage. I want to encourage you to go out and dive on it. I want you to be as moved and as impressed as I am. I want people to go look at these, but I want them to do it responsibly."

Condor is a more desirable choice than, say, the Agnes Frye for several reasons. "The wrecks north and east of the river mouth, I've seen 15-16 feet of visibility," says Morris, far better than the murkiness of the water where Frye ran aground. Condor, which went down on its maiden voyage, is also in better shape. "The engines are still in place. The paddlewheels. The rudder is still hung. Condor is not only well-preserved, but she's got this staggeringly cool story," says Morris. The ship was carrying more than just war materiel. Its human cargo was the spy Rose O'Neal Greenhow, the Black Rose of the Confederacy. After passing military secrets that aided the South in the first Battle of Bull Run, Greenhow was kept under house arrest in Washington, D.C., then released and ultimately dispatched to Europe by Jefferson Davis on a diplomatic and fundraising mission. Returning on the Condor, Greenhow knew if she was captured, she'd be executed and, when the ship ran aground, she tried to escape in a rowboat. It capsized and she drowned, weighed down by the gold sovereigns sewn into her petticoats.

"I'm really looking forward to doing this," says Morris of the dive park. "The wreck is, I think, one of the coolest out there. It will happen. I've just got to go through the hoops of getting the Coast Guard's permission and getting the money to buy the buoys. I'm hoping to have the whole thing done by next summer. I'm figuring with the dive slates and everything, it's going to cost $10,000 or less." Funding gratefully accepted.

In the meantime, Morris and Stratton are hooking up with their counterparts from NOAA, the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration, to do the site map on another blockade runner, Virginius, also captained by Joseph Frye but not, technically speaking, a Civil War wreck. Built in the same Scottish shipyard and roughly at the same time as the Anges E. Frye, Virginius never made it into the American Civil War. "She was actually running guns for another war down in Cuba eight years later," says Morris. "Virginius gets captured off Jamaica by a Spanish gunboat and they take her back to Cuba. They execute Frye and most of his crew." The British then intervene and eventually a U.S. vessel goes to Cuba and brings Virginius back under tow. They sail into bad weather and Virginius goes down eight miles from the Agnes E. Frye. "I don't know what the odds are to have two blockade runners both built on the Clyde River, both commanded by the same guy, sink within eight miles of each other after running blockades in two separate conflicts," says Morris.

Virginius is 10 miles out in 40 feet of water. Another dive park? "That wouldn't be my call," says Morris. "It's outside of state waters."

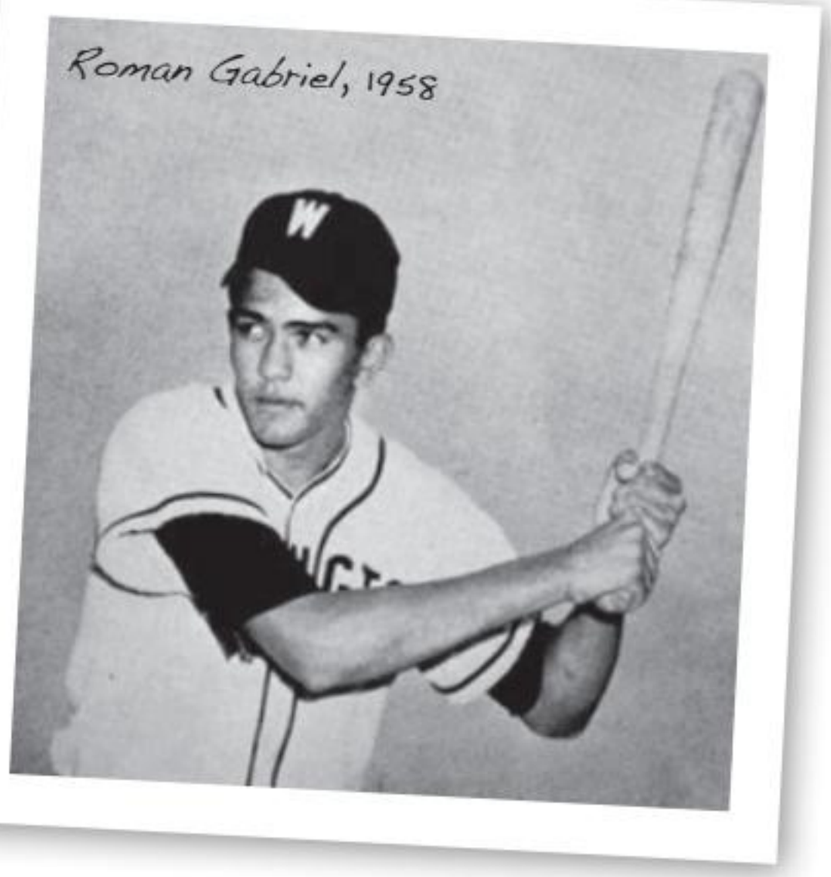
But he can dream.

# SONNY AND GABE

*How Wilmington's legendary coach, Leon Brogden made superstars of a couple hometown heroes*

By Bill Fields

Sonny Jurgensen, 1953


Roman Gabriel, 1958

It's been 63 years since Sonny Jurgensen graduated from New Hanover High School, a very long time by any measure, but the Pro Football Hall of Famer hasn't forgotten the mood of his happy days.

"They were fun times, they really were," Jurgensen says, his accent still as soft as taffy on a beach blanket. "Lively crowds at home. A bus on the back roads to the away games. Raleigh, Durham — you did a lot of traveling. And Coach Brogden really was a special guy."

They are in their late 70s or early 80s now, and for other men from other places, such a distant chapter might be a cloudy memory. For the boys who suited up in orange and black, who were Wildcats under legendary Leon Brogden in the 1950s, when prep athletics were king in Wilmington and fans packed the bleachers for home games in basketball and football, the recollections tend to come easily.

"We didn't have television in Wilmington until 1954," says Ron Phelps, 84, a member of the Wildcats' 1951 state champion basketball team. "If you wanted to enjoy sports, you went to Legion Stadium on football Friday nights or to the gym in the winter. When we came out in our basketball uniforms, the crowd got rowdy. They'd stomp their feet in the balcony and scream and yell."

Jurgensen, 82, was in New Hanover's Class of 1953, a three-sport athlete who left the Port City to attend Duke and was a star quarterback in the National Football League for the Philadelphia Eagles (1957-1963) and Washington Redskins (1964-1974). Regarded by many as the best pure passer in NFL history, Jurgensen — full name Christian Adolph III — threw for 32,224 yards and 255 touchdowns in his career.

"Every pass that man threw fit the situation," one of Jurgensen's receivers for the Redskins, Jerry Smith, said upon his NFL retirement. "Fast, slow, curve, knuckleball, 70 yards, 2 inches — they were always accurate. If it wasn't completed, it wasn't No. 9's fault."

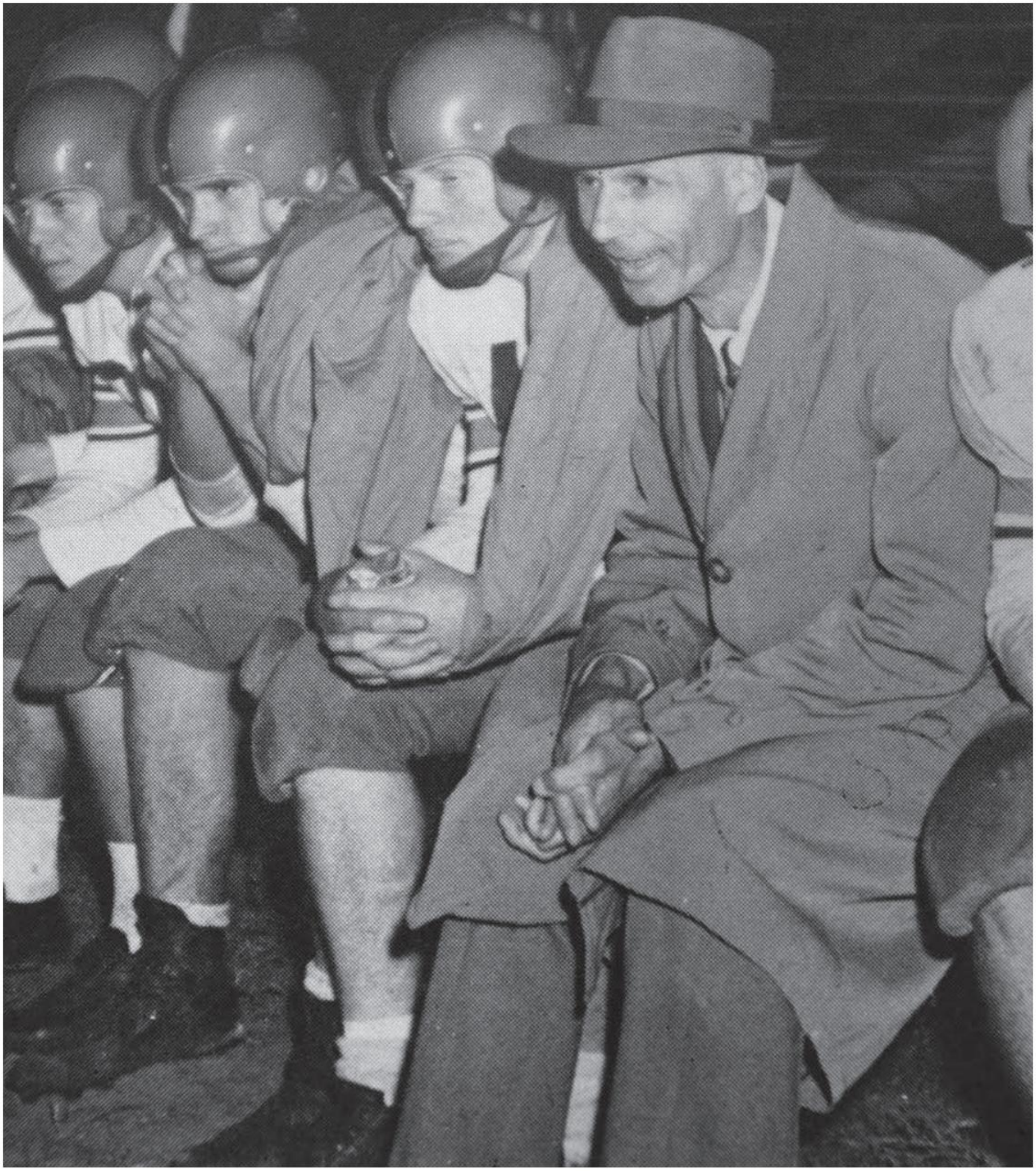
Not only did Jurgensen emerge from Wilmington in the post-World War II period and go on to achieve NFL success, so did Roman Gabriel, 76, who graduated from New Hanover High School in 1958. Starring in football, basketball and baseball for the Wildcats as Jurgensen had, Gabriel was quarterback at N.C. State and then enjoyed a lengthy, successful NFL career for the Los Angeles Rams and Philadelphia Eagles, earning NFL Most Valuable Player honors in 1969.

Jurgensen and Gabriel might not have achieved what they did without the influence of Brogden, an NHHS institution from 1945 through 1976 and the first high school coach to be inducted into the North Carolina Sports Hall of Fame in 1970. Proper and placid, Brogden, who died at age 90 in 2000, did not have to shout to be heard.

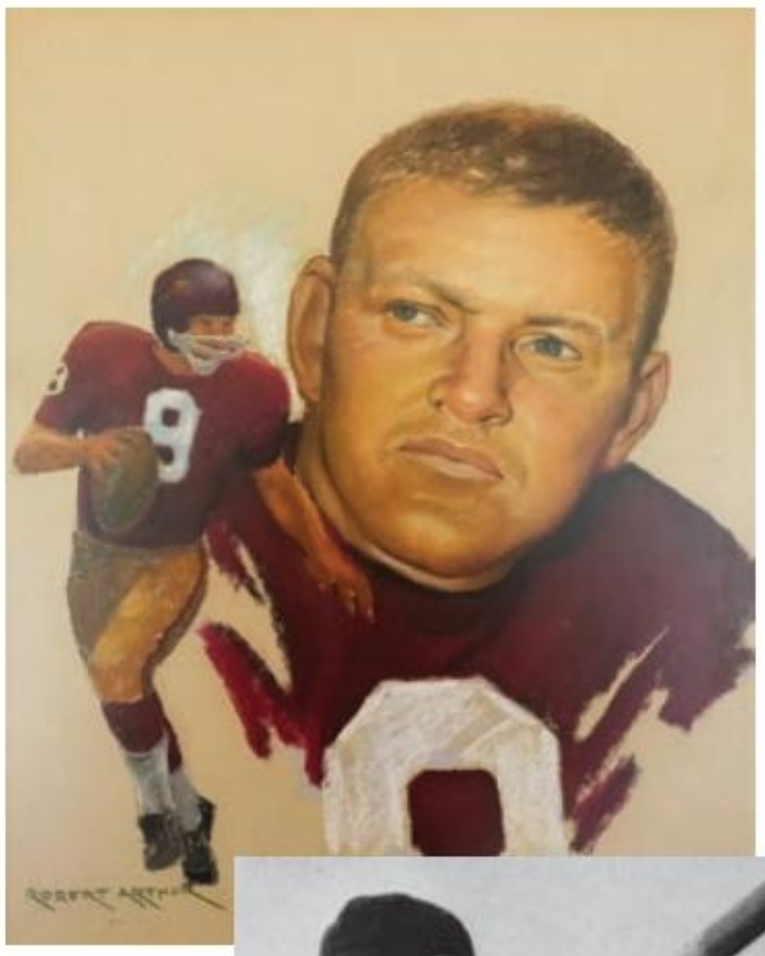
Brogden dressed up when he coached — always coat and tie (and hat on the gridiron) unless he was on the baseball diamond — but didn't dress down his charges. "If we ever lost a game, he took the blame, and if we won he gave us the credit," says Jimmy Helms, a 1958 NHHS graduate. "He was really more of a father image. He was a legendary coach but an even better man. You just wanted to please him so much. If you messed up and he was looking down at the floor because he didn't want to see what he just saw, that was worse than being slapped."

In an era during which teenagers tended to mind their elders, Brogden made a lasting impression on the students he was around. "To me he was just like magic," says Jackie Bullard, another member of the Class of '58. "He was probably the calmest, most respected person I've ever been around. It's hard to explain how much that man meant to me. He coached hard without raising his voice. When he spoke, everything was quiet."

Bill Brogden, the middle of Leon and Sarah Brogden's three sons, who recently retired after a long career as a college golf coach, also played on two (1960, '61) of his dad's eight state champi-



*Marvin Watson, Arthur Jordan, Sonny Jurgensen and Coach Brogden*



Jurgenson Leads 'Cats
Into First Place Tie
By R. J. POWELL
WILSON, Nov. 2. — The Wilson Cyclones' hometown
mastery over the Wildcats of Wilmington came to a slosh-
ing end here tonight as the New Hanover eleven struck early
and often for a rain-swept

onship basketball teams. "You wanted to play for him, and you didn't want to disappoint him," Bill says. "He had your respect, and when he asked you to do something, you didn't ask why, you just did it."

Although he did plenty of it, winning wasn't everything to Brogden. "You hear today you've got to win or you're a nobody," says Gabriel. "With Coach Brogden, it was not about winning or losing, it was how much you enjoy preparing to do the best you can. And that carries over to your schoolwork, your whole life. If you enjoy it, you're a winner."

Brogden won quickly after arriving in Wilmington following a nine-year stint at Charles L. Coon High School in Wilson, winning the state basketball championship in 1947, the Wildcats' first North Carolina title in 18 years. The city's population grew to 45,000 by 1950, a 35 percent increase over a decade in part because of the shipbuilding during the war. That meant a lot of ball-playing kids would eventually play for Brogden and his assistant, Jasper "Jap" Davis, a star fullback at Duke whom Brogden coached in Wilson.

"You had so many kids," Jurgensen says. "We all played. There were guys everywhere."

Jurgensen, whose family operated Jurgensen Motor Transport, a trucking company that carried freight for A&P, grew up on South 18th Street about a mile from New Hanover High School. "Our neighborhood had about 30 boys within a four-block area, and we always had enough kids to make up any kind of game we could think of," Thurston Watkins Jr. wrote in a 2004 Star-News article. "One day a red-headed kid with a big smile asked to play ball with some of us out in front of his house on a big empty corner lot. Sonny was the name of that red-headed kid."

When boys graduated from pick-up games to organized leagues, Brogden wasted no time having an impact on them. "He would recognize guys in junior high who looked like they were going to be good athletes or good people and take them under his wing," says Bill Brogden. "He had the junior high school coaches run his system so when kids got to high school everybody would know what was going on."

Jurgensen noticed the continuity when he got to New Hanover. "We practiced all the fundamentals, starting when I played freshman ball," Jurgensen says. "When you made varsity, it was the same system, which was good. But coach would adjust the offense according to what kind of players we had. We ran the Split-T and a Spread at times."

Few details escaped Brogden when it came to preparing his players. Jurgensen developed the snap in his throwing arm — and Gabriel also developed a powerful motion — through drills in which the quarterbacks would pass kneeling and sitting. "He'd have you sit on your fanny because it forced you to turn your waist and strengthened your arm," Gabriel says.

In Jurgensen's junior season (1951), he was a valuable running back and linebacker for the Wildcats, while Burt Grant — who would go on to play at Georgia Tech — quarterbacked the team. During a 34-0 win over Wilson, Jurgensen scored two rushing touchdowns and recovered a fumble, made an interception and blocked a punt. Jurgensen always had a knack for the big play.

"One of the first times I saw Sonny," says Bullard, "we were watching New Hanover play Raleigh one Friday night. I must have been in the sixth or seventh grade. We kicked off to Raleigh and they ran it back 90 yards for a touchdown. When Raleigh then kicked off to us, Sonny returned it a long way for a touchdown. It was 7-7 and I bet only 30 seconds had gone off the clock."

With 10,000 spectators watching at Legion Stadium, New Hanover beat Fayetteville 13-12 in a battle of undefeated teams in 1951 to win its first Eastern Conference title since 1928. The following week the Wildcats beat High Point 14-13 to win their first football state title in 23 years.

The Wildcats couldn't repeat as state champs in 1952, but Jurgensen starred at quarterback and earned All-State honors. That school year, the "Most Athletic" senior averaged 12 points a game for the basketball team and played third base and pitched for the baseball Wildcats, batting .339.

"Sonny had that big flashy smile. People idolized him," Helms says. "He was so natural about anything he did, and he was a great basketball player. Coach would tell about when Sonny made nine shots in a row and never saw a one of them go in the basket. He knew it was going in when he shot it, so he turned and went back down the court."

When Jurgensen was inducted into the Pro Football Hall of Fame in 1983, Brogden told the Star-News: "I will always remember Sonny for his competitive spirit and unusual good sense of humor. He had the ability with his personality and skills to raise the level of play in his teammates and also to stimulate his coaches. Associating with Sonny was not quite like traveling with a big brass band, but you did realize you were with someone special."

While Jurgensen went to Duke — where he played quarterback on a team that passed infrequently and was in the defensive secondary — Gabriel was getting noticed back home for his multi-sport talents. Not as outgoing as Jurgensen, Gabriel had a personality a lot like their coach. "Roman was very serious, very humble," says Helms. "He was the most unselfish fellow you've ever seen and a terrifically hard worker."

Says Bullard, a co-captain with Gabriel in football and basketball and a close friend: "He had a lot of Coach Brogden in him. He wasn't 'Rah-rah, look at me, I'm Roman Gabriel.' He was just a leader who brought everything to the table, and he expected everybody else to bring it to the table too."

Gabriel inherited his ethic from his father, Roman Sr., a native of the Philippines. "He went straight to

Alaska to can salmon to make a living," Gabriel says of his father's early days in the United States, "then he got into Chicago, where he became part of the railroad."

Roman Sr. was a cook and waiter for the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad after moving to Wilmington where he, his wife, Edna (an Irish-American from West Virginia), and Roman Jr. lived in the working-class Dry Pond section of the city in an apartment complex that had been built for shipbuilders. "My father and three other Filipinos who worked with him were probably the only Filipinos in North Carolina at that time," Gabriel says. "He had a saying, 'Never let an excuse crawl under your skin.' That meant that because of who you are, you might have to work a little bit harder. And if you're not willing to work hard, you don't deserve to be good. He wasn't an athlete, but he was probably the best cook and waiter the Atlantic Coast Line had outside of the other three Filipinos."

Because his dad loved baseball, Roman Jr. did too, getting tips as a young boy from a former major leaguer who lived nearby, George Bostic "Possum" Whitted. Brogden noticed Gabriel when he was a 10-year-old Little Leaguer, and the boy developed into a high school first baseman who could hit for power, slugging a 500-foot home run in a game at Fayetteville that old-timers still talk about. By the time he got to high school, basketball had become his top passion.

With Gabriel a key factor, the Wildcats won the state hoops championship in 1956, '57 and '58 and captured the state AAA baseball crown in '56 and '57. Twice they were N.C. runner-ups in football. Jurgensen came back to visit his former team. "When I was in high school, Sonny would come out to practice and help Coach Brogden and Coach Davis a little bit," Gabriel remembers. "I've never seen anybody who could throw it like Sonny, a tight spiral every pass."

Gabriel and his teammates in the different sports logged a lot of miles riding in the school's well-used athletic bus. "We thought we were going to have a wreck because Coach Jap would drive and Coach Brogden would sit behind him and have a conversation," Gabriel says. "He would be driving the bus with his head turned talking to Coach Brogden."

"We took turns sitting in the back," says Bullard, "because you always got a little nauseated from the fumes."

Bothered by asthma as a child, Gabriel grew into a 6-foot-3, 200-pound force on the field and court after a growth spurt and summer of working with weights going into his senior year at New Hanover.

"Roman got to be a big guy for high school as a senior," says Bill Brogden. "He was hard to handle inside on the basketball court."

Gabriel proudly points out that he out-jumped a 6-9 Durham center on an opening tip-off, and his athleticism was enhanced by the coaching acumen of Brogden. "He did a lot of studying, and he tried to figure out how to win," Bill Brogden says. "He was always drawing some kind of play on a napkin. He was so into his job, it was like he was way before his time."

The Wildcats' three straight basketball championships during Gabriel's NHHS years were helped by the team's use of Brogden's innovative spread offense, which North Carolina coach Dean Smith credited as an inspiration for the famed Four Corners that he began using successfully in the early 1960s. Brogden tweaked his tactic a bit, depending on the makeup of his team. A formidable rebounder, Gabriel was also a good lob passer to Bullard.

"It was pretty much the Four Corners, and we won the state championship playing it," says Bill Brogden. "If you had a good ball handler and were a good free-throw shooting team, nobody could beat you. They couldn't catch up."

Before Army football flanker Bill Carpenter became well-known as the "Lonesome End" during the 1958 and '59 seasons, Wilmington utilized a similar ploy. "Howard Knox, our No. 1 receiver, lined up way out near the sideline," Gabriel says. "He and I had hand signals. He didn't come back to the huddle on certain plays."

Ten years after Gabriel's final fall wowing the faithful at Legion Stadium, on Oct. 22, 1967, he squared off against Jurgensen in a Rams-Redskins contest at the Los Angeles Coliseum — the first time the two faced off in the NFL. Brogden flew out to watch, dining with Gabriel the night before and having breakfast with Jurgensen on game day. As if ordained by the man each admired so much, who watched a half from each side of the stadium, the game ended in a 28-28 tie.

It is one of Gabriel's favorite memories of Brogden, but here's another.

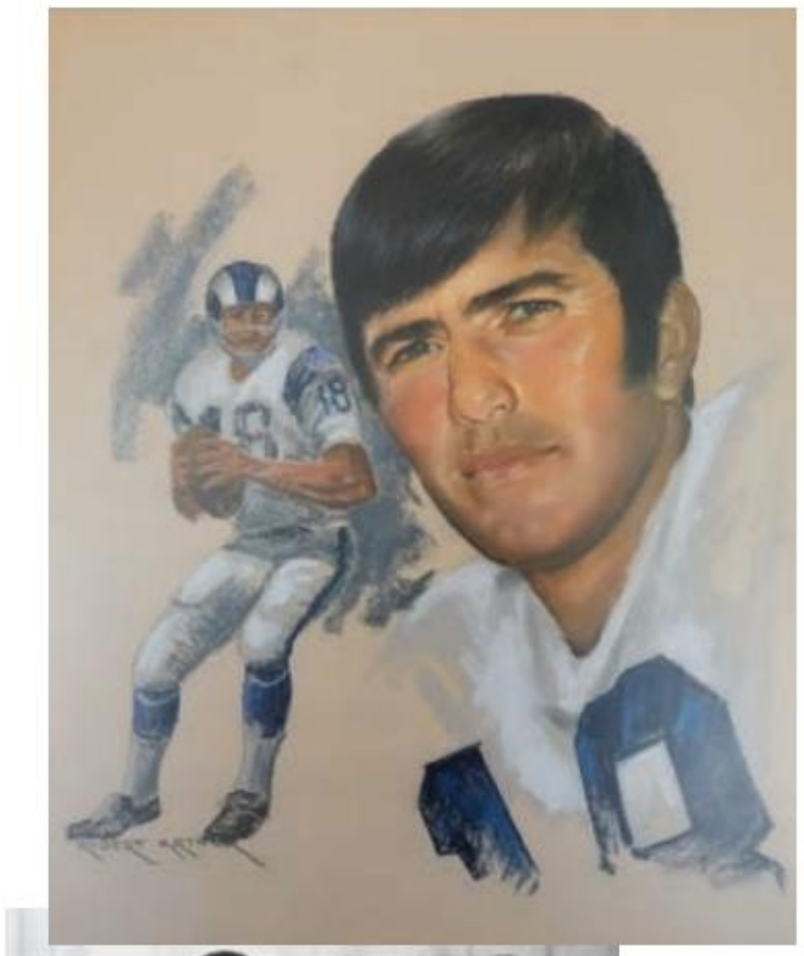
Gabriel had read that Boston Celtics star Bob Cousy smoked a cigar to relax before a big game. On the morning of the 1958 N.C. state championship, Gabriel bought five cigars for the Wildcat starters gathered in his hotel room. A knock on the door, and it wasn't room service.

"What are you doing smoking cigars?" Brogden asked.

"Ask Gabe," Bullard said.

"Coach," said Gabriel, "I saw in a sports magazine where Bob Cousy smokes a cigar to relax before a big game, and you know how successful the Celtics are."

"If it's good enough for Bob Cousy, it's good enough for my boys," Brogden said. "But don't get sick."



Gabriel Paces 21-20 Victory

By R. J. POWELL

How It Happened

# The Manliest Way to Give Back

## *How to 'stache the cash for local kids*

By Jason Frye · Illustration by Romey Petite

Teddy Roosevelt. Sam Elliot. Burt Reynolds. Alex Trebek the Younger. Yosemite Sam. Albert Einstein. John Waters. Tom Selleck. Steve Harvey. Their contributions to manliness run the gamut from winning the Nobel Peace Prize to a sultry Cosmo spread to fantastic over-pronunciations of foreign phrases to the cult classic film *Crybaby* to some of the funniest "Family Feud" moments in decades, but there's one factor you can't overlook in this group.

### The mustache.

That gorgeous patch of hirsute real estate between the upper lip and nose. Beloved by some, reviled by many, ridiculed by most, the mustache is easily the most divisive of all facial hair styles (except maybe the chinstrap beard, which offends me deeply). There was a time when the mustache was socially acceptable and everyone — from my dad to your uncle to that kid in junior high that somehow had a full-blown mouth-merkin on day one of seventh grade — wore one. Today the mustache is the facial hair of choice of police, porn stars and the bitterly ironic barista.

### Except in November.

In November anyone who can grow a mustache should, and not just because it's starting to get cold and a thick, luxurious mustache will retain a little heat and a dribbling of sauce for a mid-afternoon treat. No, in November you should grow a mustache for kids.

Let's clarify. You don't grow a mustache, somehow remove it and then donate it to kids without mustaches; you use your own public humiliation as a way to raise money for local kid-centric charities through Mustaches for Kids. It's like running a marathon for charity except there's no exercise involved.

Mustaches for Kids — or M4K — works like this: You have four weeks to grow a mustache (the month of November), you raise money to grow said mustache, the money from all mustache growers is pooled together and distributed to local charities.

The Wilmington-chapter of M4K is one of the top chapters in the U.S., bringing in anywhere from $25,000-$50,000 per year over the last 12 years. That money goes directly to charities right here in the Cape Fear Region, and according to Adam Keene, M4K participant and fundraiser extraordinaire, "since day one, we've been providing the Make-a-Wish foundation with enough money to grant at least one wish for a local kid." Additionally, past funds have gone to the Miracle League of Wilmington, Brigade Boys and Girls Club, DREAMS of Wilmington and others.

There are rules; this isn't just some mustache free-for-all. Chad Harris acts as Mustache Referee, donning a too-tight referee outfit — complete with whistle and penalty flags — and mullet (which may or *may not* be a wig) and oversees all things mustache-growing.

"Chad shows up at Shave Day, our first meeting, then oversees mustache growth and settles mustache disputes at every meeting throughout the month," says Keene. "He's not afraid to throw a penalty flag if someone is breaking or bending a rule."

The M4K rules are simple. You show up on Shave Day — the first Tuesday in November— with your face clean shaven ("We like to say 'if there's stubble, there's trouble' and Chad will make you shave your lip on the spot if you come in with a little shadow. No head starts," says Keene). For four consecutive weeks you grow your mustache and solicit donations for growing it. There are weekly meetings where you share grooming tips with the group, admire and poke fun at every mustache within earshot, and turn your donations in to the treasurer. At the final event — the 'Stache Bash held the first Friday in December — there's an awards ceremony and the announcement of the total raised by the group. The funds are distributed to the local charities a day or two later.

*A rogues' gallery of local participants raised money growing "Mustaches for Kids" and donned a variety of 'stache-centric costumes for the final celebration: The 'Stache Bash.*

As for your mustache, it's au natural. No gel, oil, wax or other enhancement; no growth enhancers; nothing but the mustache *as it grows*. You can grow from one corner of the mouth to the other but may not grow the mustache below the corners of the mouth. And you must otherwise remain shaved clean.

## The effect is hilarious.

Mustaches large and small; blond, brunett, black, red and silver; grown in the image of aforementioned icons or lesser known members of the mustache set: Steve Prefontaine, Pedro from *Napoleon Dynamite*, your burly 13-year-old nephew. At the awards ceremony they celebrate the beauty and hilarity of the various mustaches with prizes going to the Saddest 'Stache (thin, patchy, and otherwise pathetic), the Push Broom (thickest mustache), Golden 'Stache (most money raised), Rookie of the Year, and the Silver Fox (best grey mustache).

Keene received the Golden 'Stache for his efforts one year when he raised $7,000. He says it was a glorious mustache.

Can you get involved? Absolutely. Past participants have spanned ages 17 – 70. You can grow your own and raise a little (preferably a lot of) dough. You can find someone with a mustache and give them money (not just anyone with a mustache as some people sport the look year-round).

Can women join? Certainly. You can grow your own mustache and see just how much money you can raise before you run off to join the circus, or take a more lady-like route and help raise money and provide moral support for the mustachioed men by not giving them too much flack for their silly face-fur. Your call.

November will be a hairy month for the Port City. You may think there's a '70s-era cop drama filming here or that ILM is the next oddball millennial boomtown, but it'll just be some good guys "sacrificing their good looks" to do a very good deed for kids.

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Do it. Grow that 'stache. Head to www.facebook.com/M4K.ILM/ to find out the particulars for signing up and how to attend the free 'Stache Bash Dec. 2, 8 p.m., Banks Channel, Wrightsville Beach.

*Jason Frye is a food and travel writer, author of* Moon North Carolina *and* Moon NC Coast. *Follow him on Twitter @beardedwriter or @tarheeltourist.*

# A Craftsman's World

*Beneath the spreading live oaks of Wilmington's eclectic first suburb, a remarkable bungalow speaks the language of its imaginative owner whose work is never finished*

By Isabel Zermani

Photographs by Rick Ricozzi

On a storybook street in Sunset Park sits the 1919 Craftsman bungalow of Dusty Ricks, designer and neighborhood bar owner of Greenfield Street's hotspot, Satellite. Sunset Park (est. 1912) was once a satellite of its own, Wilmington's first suburb, built outside city limits, boasting of "artisanal water," a river boating wharf and swimming at Greenfield Lake — perhaps there were no alligators then. The electric streetcar shuttled businessmen to and fro.

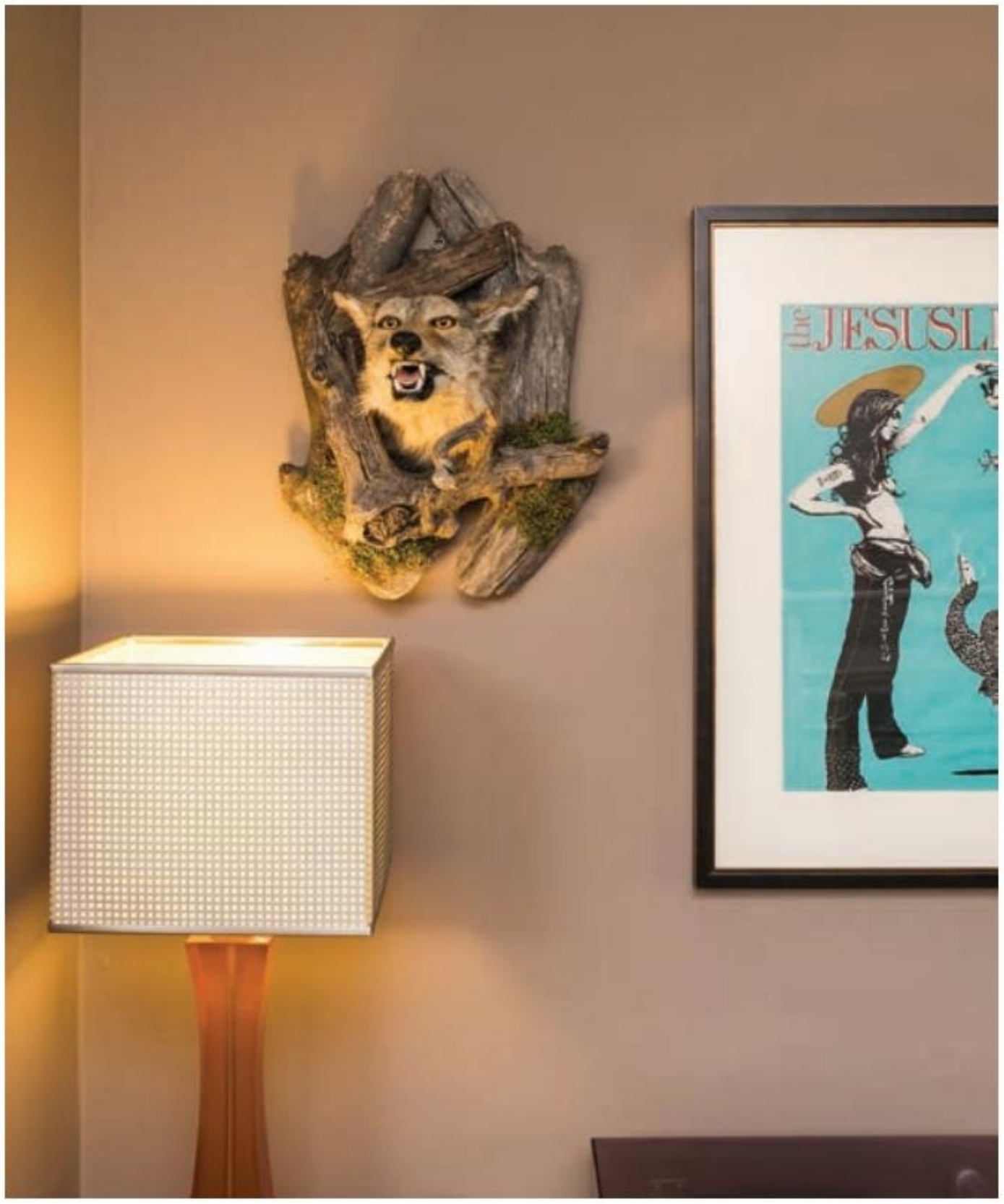
The poem "Sunset Park," published in the *Evening Dispatch*, 1912, reads:

"Each man who owns a cottage / That he can call his own,
Will be a little Monarch / That no one can dethrone."

Waylaid by war and industry, lots along "Riverside Drive," the planned riverfront park and wharf with its sunset views, were sold instead to shipbuilding companies kept busy by one war after another. Sunset Park never blossomed as intended into anything approaching Atlanta's elite Ansley Park. Small cottages for shipbuilders populated the available lots in the 1940s–60s.

Now, a working-class neighborhood with tree-lined promenades where inventive people homestead, Sunset Park is a bit checkered. But perhaps it is more accurate to think of chess instead, not all pawns, but a variety of pieces: the Queen Annes at the entrance on Central Boulevard; the Tudor revivals, the bishops; Ricks' house, his castle; his motorcycle workshop out back, the knights. Now on the National Register of Historic Places, the eclectic suburb's chief asset is its variety of 20th century styles.

GRITS



The enormous live oak trees in Ricks' front yard on Northern Boulevard snake in and out of the ground like a Chinese dragon. A picket fence and a pergola welcome passersby into the corner lot. Ferns and banana trees enliven the porch in the shade of sea-blue shakes. Another moniker for the craftsman is the "California bungalow." Wilmington *is* called the California of the Carolinas; some surfboards would definitely not be out of place.

True to the Arts and Crafts era of the house, inside glows with the warming presence of wood. The movement's simplicity can be shouted over or upstaged, but the harmony of clean lines and definitive forms is evergreen. A wall color palate ranging from dusty gray to brown to pistachio-green flows throughout the house, subtly changing the mood of each room. The brightest blues belong to the fireplace bricks, color-blocked like a Mondrian. Ricks skillfully brings vitality with a pop of color. The pleasure of a small surprise or an odd object has a resonate effect.

Elements of the decor hint at a mountain lodge, namely, taxidermy. Deer, ram, armadillo, nary a room is without a friend. Ricks does not hunt and admittedly carries spiders outside rather than dispatching them on the spot but, "I've always loved taxidermy." A favorite are the gun racks for his grandfather's rifles — "a tribute to him" — fashioned from upturned hooves.

In the master bedroom, the custom walnut wardrobe is a sight to behold. Masculine and pretty, each drawer swings open like a glove box. Function married to form, there are "no storage spaces (in this house)" says Ricks with a laugh. The platform bed, also by local artisan Stephane Bossut, veers more mid-century modern with its pared down, rectilinear form.

Guided by both 20th century design movements via an intuitive compass, Ricks heralds, "The clean lines. The colors. The simplicity of the designs." And function. "Anything I make or

repurpose is always with functionality in mind," says Ricks. "For the most part, I've done everything myself."

He doesn't call himself a designer, but when someone conceives, creates and constructs something (a house, a bar, a hot tub) of their own imagination to very specific aesthetic desires. . . no other name will do. Self-taught and obsessive, Ricks' design goals manifest in each room, each piece of furniture. He built the guest bath around an existing chimney and hunted down the rare "shorty" clawfoot tub in a stranger's backyard. For his young son's room, he repurposed an old medical cabinet to display books and toys. The living room buffet is a wood-topped Snap-On tool cabinet powder-coated a nostalgic milky green. The newly coated surface softens the industrial look, keeping the vintage appeal without looking aged. Ditto for the red wall of lockers.

Fifteen years into this house, he's "never finished." He finds joy in the doing, but his hands can't keep up with his mind. "I have all these ideas floating around in my head all the time," he explains. "It might be two years, it might be five years, it might be tomorrow that I do it. (The ideas) are just kind of there." Some nights he stays in the barn — his workshop out back — "past 10 p.m." but the tenor in his voice says he's still facing a backlog.

For instance, he likes to make art lamps. He wouldn't call himself an artist, but he's "always wanted to have an art show." His first lamp, made at age 22, has cartoons on the shade and a cage body encircling a steel chain, speaking to the purview of boys and men. He shows photos of other lamps, like a backlit rabbit head of hammered steel.

"Lighting is key for drawing people's eyes where you want them to look," says Ricks, master of misdirection, "especially in the bar, playing off the ceilings."

In his home, an understated pendant lamp draws people around the dining table, a German biergarten he altered for year-round use. Unencumbered by chair backs — no scooting necessary — the picnic-style setting speaks to the indoor-outdoor lifestyle customary of mid-century modern. But the era that launched patio furniture, casual clothing and backyard BBQs is best embodied by the nearby sunroom.

Past the sunny kitchenette, pocket doors reveal the epicenter of Hollywood East relaxation: all windows, tropical Roman shades, a gleaming wood plank ceiling — one could drink a Singapore Sling while the custom hot tub, a galvanized livestock watering trough, comes to temperature. It won't take long; it's boiling hot, as is the outdoor shower. "I haven't taken a shower in the house since I built that thing," Ricks says with a laugh.

Filling out the entertaining space are turquoise kegs-turned-planters, a fire pit, a lawn to brag about, macramé plant holders and Eames-style bucket seats. "Some guy gave me a city bus," say Ricks, a 1966 General Motors bus that drove the Sunset Park route, Transit bus 4312. The trifecta of history, form, function makes the bus one of Ricks' favorite things to repurpose. The seats appear at the bar, too, with school desk additions Ricks made.

The bus also prompts the story of how he got into the bar business. Half of it he made into the DJ booth at Odessa (renamed Sputnik), the former downtown nightclub. He designed and built the other still-popular club, Pravda, with his sister and brother-in-law.

Ricks grew up on the outskirts of Clinton, North Carolina, to hardworking

*"Anything I make or repurpose is always with functionality in mind," says Ricks. "For the most part, I've done everything myself."*

parents who "didn't have a lot of money" but did create "the prettiest house in the neighborhood — still," he reports. So, he comes by it honestly. He didn't go to art school, though he would've liked to, but did open a skate shop when he was 22 years old. "It failed, but it was a learning experience." He got a steady job "climbing poles" as a lineman with Progress Energy for a decade before Pravda and Odessa. But what he really wanted was a neighborhood bar: "a nice beer selection. A lodge-y, lived-in feel." A clean dive bar.

And, with Satellite, he got it.

There just wasn't much of a neighborhood on Greenfield Street in 2009. Newcomers to town may not remember the boarded-up, 13-acre, gray housing-project-turned-ghost-town, Nesbitt Courts, or the boarded-up drive-thru on 3rd Street with its iconic sign: "CHIK N' FISH." The former is now the hipster paradise complex South Front; LEED Silver, rooftop garden and saltwater pool, and the latter the Irish pub The Harp.

Ricks spotted a "for lease" sign on a defunct "stab n' grab" in a stand-alone brick building that had been Lewis Groceries in 1940. He saw the space's potential and went for it. The undesirable area made the price right, but "people thought I was batshit crazy," remembers Ricks.

He stripped it, but kept the "pretty bones," showing off the exposed brick and beams. "It was already building itself," he says of the design process, "what it wanted to look like." Like the stone speaking to a sculptor, the bar was borne in six months, opening Dec. 26, when people needed it most, decompressing from Christmas.

Unbeknown to Ricks, South Front would shortly begin development, but wouldn't move in a customer base for two more years — plenty of time to fail — but for the nearby and crosstown drinkers alike who flocked to sip Satellite's atmosphere. Embraced by the community, Satellite has since hosted "baby showers, weddings, wrap parties, FBI retirement parties."

Inside Satellite, enormous garage-sized doorways open on the flank. Single Edison lightbulbs dangle over the reclaimed-wood counter set with stools more soda shop than barfly. A standing taxidermy bear and oil paintings of ships recall a curiosities shop. Sealed concrete floors add that biker flavor — café racers, not Harleys. Like his home, Ricks melds influences to create his unique look, proving the American craftsman, though he wouldn't call himself that, is alive.

Nowadays, construction on Greenfield Street is non-stop. Industrial buildings are being retrofitted for housing. Satellite is expanding too; up next — a taqueria. One hopes the revitalization will spread a mile south to residential Sunset Park, where some people, do-it-yourself-ers like Ricks, are ahead of the trend.

ALMANAC

# November

By Ash Alder

*It was Autumn, and incessant*
*Piped the quails from shocks and sheaves*
*And, like living coals, the apples*
*Burned among the withering leaves.*
–Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

## Sprout Clout

November is crisp air and burn piles, corn crows and starlings, stone soup and Aunt Viola's pumpkin bars.

Many consider this eleventh month to be an auspicious time for manifestation. But first we must clear out the old. As we rake the fallen leaves that blanket the lawn, something deep within us stirs, and an ordinary chore becomes a sacred ritual. This is no longer about yard work. We look up from tidy leaf piles to naked branches, a gentle reminder that we, too, must let go. And so we stand in reverent silence, eyes closed as autumn sunlight paints us golden. In this moment, even if we feel sadness or grief, we give thanks for nature's wisdom and the promise of spring. Wind chimes sing out from a neighbor's porch, and we exhale a silent prayer.

This month in the garden, plant cool-weather annuals such as petunias and snapdragons, and color your Thanksgiving feast delicious with cold-weather crops such as beets, carrots and Brussels sprouts. Arguably the country's most hated vegetable (if overcooked, these edible buds turn pungent), one cup of Brussels sprouts is said to contain four times more vitamin C than an orange. Our friends across the pond sure go bonkers over them. In 2008, Linus Urbanec of Sweden wolfed down a whopping thirty-one in one minute, a Guinness World Record. Not to be outdone, in 2014, 49-year-old Stuart Kettell pushed a Brussels sprout to the top of Mount Snowdon – the highest summit in Wales – using only his nose. Although this peculiar mission was designed to raise funds for Macmillan Cancer Support, it also raises a valid question: What else might this cruciferous veggie inspire? Perhaps a nice cherry or Dijon glaze? Better yet, bust out the panko and try your hand at Buffalo Brussels. Thanksgiving football will never be the same.

*No spring nor summer beauty hath such grace*
*As I have seen in one autumnal face.*
–John Donne

## To Your Health

Chrysanthemums are the birth flower of November. Sometimes called mums or chrysanths, this perennial grows best in full sunshine and fertile, sandy soil. Because the earliest mums all had golden petals, many view this fall bloomer as a symbol of joy and optimism. First cultivated in China, these daisylike flowers so entranced the Japanese that they adopted one as the crest and seal of the Emperor. In fact, Japan continues to honor the flower each year with the Festival of Happiness. Legend has it that placing a chrysanthemum petal at the bottom of a wine glass promises a long, healthy life.

## Arboreal Wisdom

The ancient Celts looked to the trees for knowledge and wisdom. According to Celtic tree astrology, those born from October 28 – November 24 associate with the reed, a sweet-smelling, canelike grass the ancients used to thatch roofs, press into floors, and craft into arrows, whistles and flutes. Think Pan's pipe. Reed people are the secret keepers of the zodiac. They can see beyond illusion and have a strong sense of truth and honor. But anyone can look to this sacred and useful plant for its virtuous qualities. When the wind blows through a field of them, it is said you can hear their otherworldly song. But you must be willing to receive their message. Reed people are most compatible with other reed, ash (February 19–March 17) or oak (June 10–July 7) signs. In the Ogham, a sacred Druidic alphabet, the symbol of the reed spells upset or surprise.

November 2016

# Arts Calendar

## Owl Howl

11/5

**11/1 Vintage Social Club**
5–7 p.m. The "I Love Vintage" Social Club meets the first Tuesday of each month. One-part social hour and one-part educational hour. The November meeting is about swing dancing and fashion with guest experts from Cape Fear Swing Dance Society. Second Skin Vintage, 615 Castle St., Wilmington. Info: (910) 239-7950 or www.facebook.com/secondskinvintage.

**11/1 Lecture**
7 p.m. Wilmington resident Tom Morris, Christian Philosopher, former Morehead-Cain Scholar and professor at Yale and Notre Dame, will speak at St. James Parish following a 30-minute social at 6:30 p.m. Book signing afterward. Admission: Free. St. James Parish Church, 25 S. Third St., Wilmington. Info: (910) 763-1628 or stjamesp.org.

**11/1 Lecture**
3 p.m. Unlocking Hidden Life Insurance Assets: Options for Fundraising Senior Living. Learn how government-sanctioned life settlement transactions can eliminate future life insurance premiums and convert no longer necessary policies into cash. Brightmore Independent Living, 2324 S. 41 St., Wilmington. Info: (910) 350-1980 or www.brightmoreofwilmington.com.

**11/1 Bird Hike**
9–10:30 a.m. Halyburton Park presents a bird hike in search of migrants, winter residents, and a year-round species. For ages 5 and older. Admission: Free. Halyburton Park, 4099 S. Seventeenth St., Wilmington. Info: (910) 341-0075 or www.halyburtonpark.com.

**11/1–6 Cape Fear Fair & Expo**
5–11 p.m. (Monday–Thursday); 5 p.m. – 12 a.m. (Friday); 12 p.m. – 12 a.m. (Saturday); 1–11 p.m. (Sunday). Live entertainment and family fun plus carnival rides, games, shows, livestock exhibits, commercial booths, agricultural tents, judged competitions, delicious food and more. Admission: $22. Wilmington International Airport, 1740 Airport Blvd., Wilmington. Info: (910) 313-1234 or www.capefearfair.com.

## Art for the Masses

11/19

**11/1–12 Hubb's Corn Maze**
6–11 p.m. (Fridays); 1–11 p.m. (Saturdays); 1–6 p.m. (Sunday). Annual fall festival featuring "The Pirate's Playground" theme. Activities include three maze trails, hay rides, animal acres, giant barrel slides, giant jump pillow, corn house, trackless train rides and food vendors. Admission: $8–30. Hubb's Farm, 10444 US Hwy. 421 N., Clinton, N.C. Info: (910) 564-6709 or www.hubbscornmaze.com.

**11/3 & 17 Story Art**
3:30 p.m. Special program for kids K–2nd grade. Children will hear a story and then make their own art. Admission: Free. Main Library, 201 Chestnut St., Wilmington. Info: (910) 798-6303 or www.nhclibrary.org.

**11/3 Jazz at the CAM**
6:30–8 p.m. Traditional and modern jazz, plus original compositions featuring a performance by the Lynn Grissett Quartet, led by the eponymous trumpeter. Admission: $10–12. Cameron Art Museum, 3201 S. Seventeenth St., Wilmington. Info: (910) 395-5999 or www.cameronartmuseum.org.

**11/3–20 Live Theater**
7:30 p.m. (Thursday–Saturday); 3 p.m. (Sunday). Thalian Association presents *Shows for Days* by Douglas Carter Bean set in Reading, Pennsylvania around a community theater. Red Barn Studio Theatre, 1122 S. Third St., Wilmington. Info: (910) 254-1788 or www.thalian.org.

**11/4 Air Supply Live**
8 a.m. Air Supply, the duo responsible for hits like "Lost in Love," "All Out of Love," "Sweet Dreams," and "Making Love Out of Nothing at All" performs live. Admission: $34.50–79.50. Wilson Center, 703 N. Third St., Wilmington. Info: (910) 362-7999 or www.capefearstage.com.

## Sweet Potato Pie Christmas

11/26

**11/4 NB Newcomers Club**
9:30 a.m. Social club for adults in Brunswick County featuring a meet-and-greet, refreshments and talk by author Martha Petersen. BCC, 2050 Enterprise Blvd., Leland. Info: www.nbcnewcomers.org.

**11/4 Coasta Roasta Oyster Roast**
5:30–8 p.m. Social event of the year for the Wilmington Chamber of Commerce featuring all-you-can-eat oysters and shrimp, full bar, live music and networking on the waterfront. Admission: $75. Wilmington Chamber of Commerce, One Estell Lee Place. Info: (910) 762-2611 or wilmingtonchaber.org/event/coasts-roasta-oyster-roast.

**11/4 Flip Flop Ball**
8–11 p.m. Fundraiser/celebration hosted by Island Women featuring a silent auction, 50/50 raffle, light desserts, cash bar and entertainment by DJ Mike Worley. Dress beachy chic. Admission: $25. Proceeds benefit the Help Center of Federal Point. Marriot Courtyard Carolina Beach, 100 Charlotte Ave., Carolina Beach. Info: pleasureislandnc.org.

**11/4–6 Celebrity Golf Tournament**
7–10 p.m. (Friday); 6 p.m. (Saturday); 8 a.m. (Sunday). The annual Willie Stargell Celebrity Golf Tournament celebrates the life of the Hall of Fame baseball player and former Wilmington resident who died of kidney disease. Includes celebrity reception, autograph signing, auction, dinner and dance. Proceeds support kidney disease research and patient care. Country Club of Landfall, 800 Sun Runner Place, Wilmington. Info: (910) 509-7238 or www.williestargellfoundation.org.

### 11/4–6 Clay Guild Holiday Show & Sale

5–8 p.m. (Friday); 10 a.m. – 4 p.m. Holiday show and sale hosted by the Coastal Carolina Clay Guild featuring an opening reception with the Tallis Chamber Orchestra and a raffle. Hannah Block Historic Community Arts Center, 120 S. Second St., Wilmington. Info: www.coastalcarolinaclayguild.org.

### 11/4–6 Surf to Sound Challenge

9 a.m. – 6 p.m. (Friday); 7 a.m. – 6 p.m. (Saturday); 7 a.m. – 12 p.m. (Sunday). Elite paddlers will brave the Atlantic, battle through Masonboro Inlet and navigate the channel behind Masonboro Island while intermediate paddlers will take a flat-water course around Harbor Island. Blockade Runner Beach Resort, 275 Waynick Blvd., Wrightsville Beach. Info: (910) 256-2251 or wrightsvillebeachpaddleclub.com/surf-to-sound.

### 11/5 Walk to End Alzheimer's

8 a.m. Rain or shine, 1.5-mile walk for all ages and abilities. Proceeds benefit the Alzheimer's Association. 1 Bob Sawyer Drive, Wrightsville Beach. Info: (919) 803-8285 or act.alz.org.

### 11/5 Fenders on the Farm

9 a.m. – 4 p.m. Car show featuring all makes and models, plus live music by Slippery Jake and the Bad Brakes, food by PT's Grille, Poor Piggy's BBQ and Dub's Donuts and craft beer by Waterline Brewery. Old River Farms, 8711 Old River Road, Burgaw. Info: (910) 616-5884 or oldriverfarmsnc.com.

### 11/5 Woman in the Mirror Retreat

10 a.m. – 3 p.m. One-day conference consisting of up to five speakers and topics that empower women to get past their cancer treatment journey and embrace a new beginning in life. Includes breakfast and lunch. First Baptist Church Activity Center, 1939 Independence Blvd., Wilmington. Info: (910) 799-7178 or www.hopeabounds.org.

### 11/5 Owl Howl

10 a.m. – 3 p.m. Special event presented by the Cape Fear Raptor Center featuring a silent auction, raffle prizes, vendors, food trucks, photo opportunities with educational birds, flight demos and live music. Admission: Free. Proceeds benefit the Cape Fear Raptor Center. Brunswick Riverwalk at Belville, 580 River Road, Belville. Info: (910) 818-2519 or www.capefearraptorcenter.org.

### 11/5 Polish Festival

11 a.m. – 5 p.m. Cultural festival featuring authentic Polish food, domestic and imported beers, polka dancing, crafts, raffle, silent and live auctions and a variety of children's activities. Special performance by the Chardon Polka Band. Admission: Free. St. Stanislaus Catholic Church, 4849 Castle Hayne Road, Castle Hayne. Info: ststanislauscatholic.org/polish-festival.

### 11/5 Wilmington Fur Ball

6:30–10:30 p.m. Black tie, red carpet gala/fundraiser featuring hors d'oeuvres, drinks, live music by the Nigel Experience Band, dancing, and live and silent auctions. Admission: $95. Proceeds benefit local no-kill shelters. CFCC Union Station, 502 N. Front St., Wilmington. Info: (910) 274-8953 or www.wilmingtonfurball.com.

### 11/5 Donald Sinta Quartet Live

7:30 p.m. The Donald Sinta Quartet's repertoire spans centuries featuring the music of Dvorak, Schubert, and Shostakovich, as well as numerous saxophone standards alongside new commissions. Admission: $20–36. Thalian Hall, 310 Chestnut St., Wilmington. Info: (910) 632-2285 or www.thalianhall.org.

### 11/5 Music on Market

7:30 p.m. The talented and high energy Palmetto Voices is a professional choir that strives to preserve the legacy of the Concert Spiritual. St. Andrews-Covenant Presbyterian Church, 1416 Market St., Wilmington. Info: (910) 762-9693 or www.musiconmarket.org.

### 11/5 & 6 Kite Festival

10 a.m. – 4 p.m. Paint the sky with fellow fliers from all over the Cape Fear. Food trucks on site and t-shirts and kites for sale. Spectators welcome. No competitions or rules; just fun. Admission: Free. Fort Fisher State Recreation Area, 1000 Loggerhead Road, Kure Beach. Info: (910) 458-5798 or capefearkitefestival.org.

### 11/6 Chamber Music Concert

3 p.m. Chamber Music Wilmington presents the Kontras Quartet in concert featuring Dan Visconti's Black Bend, Villa Lobos' String Quartet No. 5, Osvaldo Golijov's Tenebrae, and Dvorak's Quartet No. 9. Admission: $30. UNCW Beckwith Recital Hall, 5270 Randall Drive, Wilmington. Info: (910) 343-1079 or www.chambermusicwilmington.org.

### 11/8 Anderson E. in Concert

8 p.m. American songwriter Anderson E. performs his Devil in Me Tour live with special guest Brent Cobb. Admission: $18–35. Brooklyn Arts Center, 516 N. Fourth St., Wilmington. Info: (910) 538-2939 or www.brooklynartsnc.com.

### 11/9 Airlie Gardens Bird Walk

8–9:30 a.m. Join Wild Bird & Garden staff and Airlie environmental educators for a relaxed bird walk around Airlie Gardens. Admission: $3–9. Airlie Gardens, 300 Airlie Road, Wilmington. Info: (910) 343-6001 or www.wildbirdgardeninc.com.

### 11/9 Octonauts Live!

6 p.m. Live show featuring characters from the Disney Jr. series and the Deep Sea Volcano Adventure with brand new and fan favorite songs from the underwater explorers. Admission: $20–50. Wilson Center, 703 N. Third St., Wilmington. Info: (910) 362-7999 or www.capefearstage.com.

### 11/9–13 Cucalorus Film Festival

Annual film festival showcasing more then 200 feature-length films, shorts and documentaries in all genres. Admission: $10 for individual films, $300 for festival pass. Various venues in Wilmington. Info: (910) 343-5995 or www.cucalorus.org.

### 11/10 Birding Trail Hike

8 a.m. – 12 p.m. The NC Birding Trail Hike at Greenfield Lake is approximately two miles and transportation from Halyburton Park is included. Admission: $10. Halyburton Park, 4099 S. Seventeenth St., Wilmington. Info: (910) 341-0075 or www.halyburtonpark.com.

### 11/10 Woodpecker Program

9–10 a.m. Learn about the various woodpeckers that can be seen in our area throughout the year, and what choices you can make to help recover diminishing foraging and nesting habitat for this fascinating bird. Breakfast options available. Admission: Free. Wild Bird & Garden, 105 E. Brown St., Southport. Info: (910) 457-9453 or www.wildbirdgardeninc.com.

### 11/10 Historical lecture

3 p.m. The Big Dig: The History of the Intracoastal Waterway in New Hanover County. Join Brightmore for one of Elaine Henson's popular illustrated presentations. Includes pictures of the construction of the Atlantic Intracoastal Waterway and some of the history and resulting development of Wilmington and Wrightsville Beach. Brightmore Independent Living, 2324 S. 41st St., Wilmington. Info: (910) 350.1980 or www.brightmoreofwilmington.com.

### 11/11 Sip & Shop Pre-Sale

6:30–8:30 p.m. The junior League of Wilmington allows shoppers to take a sneak peak of all the merchandise available at their bargain sale with a chance to purchase items at full price. Evening includes light hors d'oeuvres, beer, wine, live music, local vendors and raffle prizes. Admission: $10. Elk's Lodge, 5102 Oleander drive, Wilmington. Info: (910) 799-7405 or www.jlwnc.org.

### 11/12 Bargain Sale

7:30 a.m. – 1:30 p.m. Annual bargain sale hosted by the Junior League of Wilmington. All merchandise will be 50 percent off the marked price. Includes new and gently used adult and children's clothing, toys, books, furniture, household items and more. Cash only. Admission: $3. Proceeds benefit the Junior League of Wilmington. Elks Lodge, 5102 Oleander Drive, Wilmington. Info: (910) 799-7405 or www.jlwnc.org.

### 11/11–13 Musical Theater

7:30 p.m. (Friday & Saturday); 3 p.m. (Sunday). The Hannah Block Historic USO and The Word War II Wilmington Home Front Heritage Coalition presents "Mrs. World War II Wilmington: We Fell in Love at the USO." Opening night tickets are $50 including gala reception at 6:30 p.m. Admission: $25. Hannah Block Second St. Stage, 120 S. Second St., Wilmington. Info: www.wilmingtoncommunityarts.org.

### 11/11–13 Live Theatre

7 p.m. (Friday); 2 & 7 p.m. (Saturday & Sunday). The UNCW Department of Theatre presents "Beauty and the Beast". narrated by a pair of mischievous fairies, a considerate rabbit, and a "Thought-snatcher" machine. This timeless story was originally produced at Royal National Theatre in London, and was adapted from the French original, La Belle et la Bete. Also runs 11/18–20. Admission: $6–15. UNCW Mainstage Theatre, 601 S. College Road, Wilmington. Info: (910) 962-3500 or website.

### 11/12 Some Gave All

2–4 p.m. Friends of Oakdale Cemetery hosts the "Veterans War Tour" with Jack Fryar, a local author and veteran. Enjoy a two-hour walking tour of those who fought and died for the freedom of America. Info: 520 N. 15th St. Friends of Oakdale: Free, Non-Members: $10. Tour will be canceled in the case of inclement weather. Call: 910-762-5682 or www.OakdaleCemetery.org

### 11/12 Share the Light Artisan Fair

10 a.m. – 4 p.m. Local artisans will sell items designed for holiday gift giving, and a raffle and silent of local art will benefit the church's Stained Glass Restoration Project. Children's activities and refreshments will be available throughout the day. Church of Good Shepherd Sanctuary, 515 Queen St., Wilmington. Info: www.goodshepherdchurchwilmington.com.

### 11/12 Holiday Open House

10 a.m. – 5 p.m. Annual holiday open house featuring shopping, live music, tastings by Ladyfingers Catering and other food vendors, artist demos, free valet parking and raffles for gift cards. Blue Moon Gift Shops 7 Eclipse Artisan Boutique, 203 Racine Drive, Wilmington. Info: (910) 799-5793 or www.facebook.com/bluemoongiftshops.

### 11/12 Symphony Orchestra Concert

7:30 p.m. The Wilmington Symphony Orchestra performs Mozart's Grand Partita and Shubert's "Great" C Major Symphony. Admission: $10–35. Wilson Center, 703 N. Third St., Wilmington. Info: (910) 362-7999 or www.wilmingtonsymphony.org.

### 11/12 & 13 Holiday Craft Show

9 a.m. – 4 p.m. (Saturday); 1–4 p.m. (Sunday). The American Legion Post 129 Auxiliary presents a holiday craft show with snacks, drinks and door prizes. Post 129 Events Pavilion, 1500 Bridge Barrier Road, Carolina Beach. Info: (910) 458-4253 or pleasureislandnc.org.

### 11/14 & 15 Youth Nature Program

10–11 a.m. Nature program for kids ages 2 to 5 a chance to discover nature through stories, songs, hands-on activities, hikes and crafts. This week's theme is "Leaves and Trees." Admission: $3. Halyburton Park, 4099 S. Seventeenth St., Wilmington. Info: (910) 341-0075 or www.halyburtonpark.com.

### 11/15 Lego Challenge

3:30 p.m. A way for children to practice problem solving, creativity, critical thinking, visualizing three dimensional structures, communication, and motor skills. Kids may work alone or in groups. Admission: Free. Myrtle Grove Public Library, 5155 S. College Road, Wilmington. Info: (910) 768-6393 or www.nhclibrary.org.

### 11/16 Southport Bird Walk

8:30–9:30 a.m. Join Wild Bird & Garden staff for a free bird

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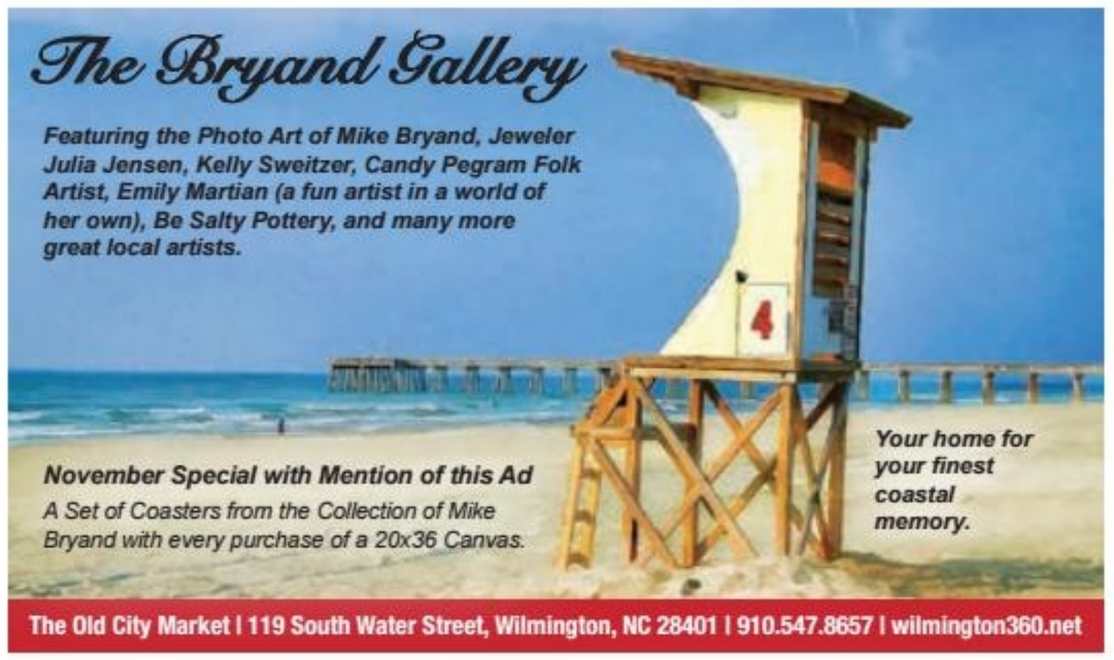
The Bryand Gallery
Featuring the Photo Art of Mike Bryand, Jeweler Julia Jensen, Kelly Sweitzer, Candy Pegram Folk Artist, Emily Martian (a fun artist in a world of her own), Be Salty Pottery, and many more great local artists.
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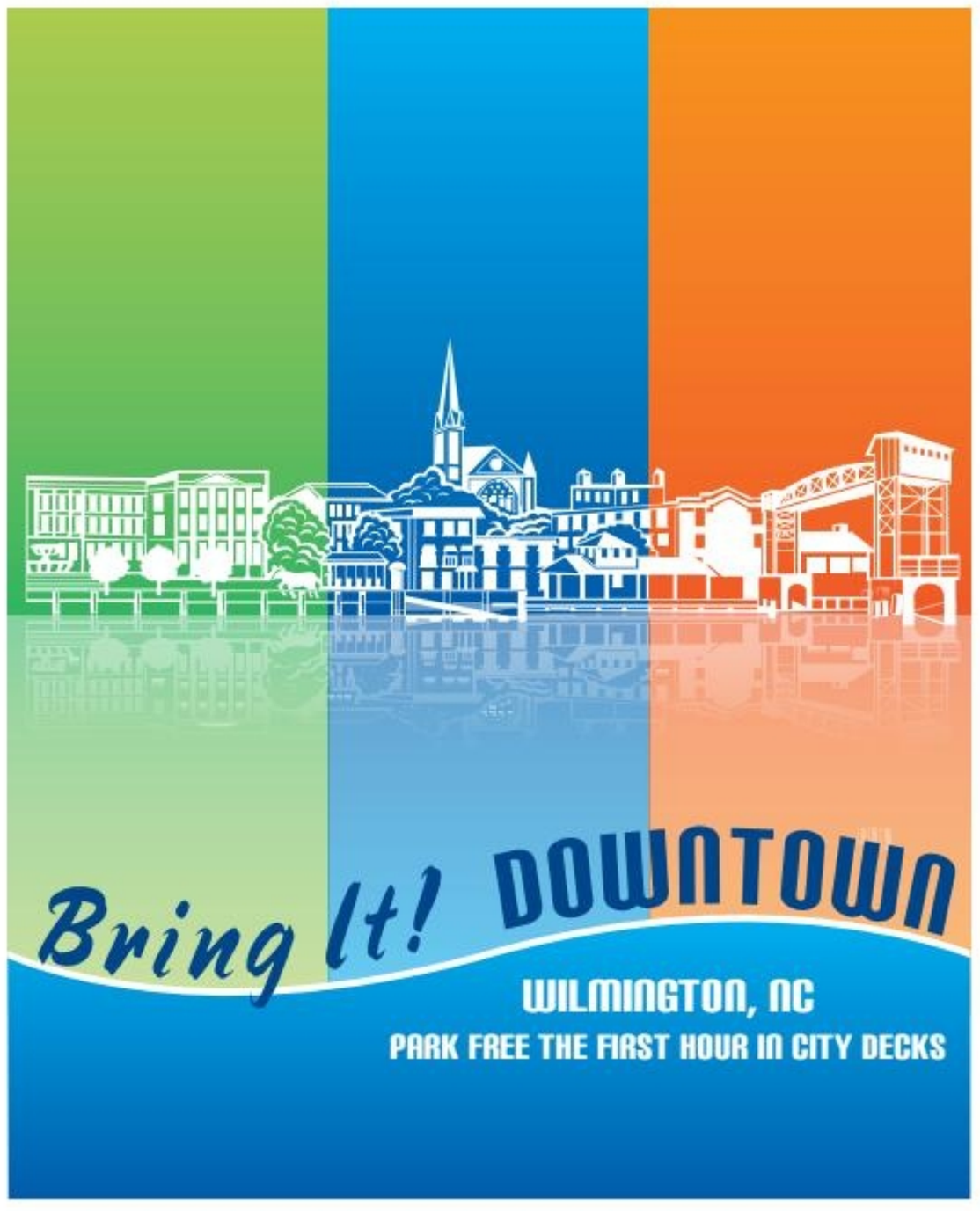


walk around Southport's historic district and waterfront. No registration necessary. Wild Bird & Garden, 105 E. Brown St., Southport. Info: (910) 457-9453 or www.wildbirdgardeninc.com.

**11/16 Health Lecture**

3 p.m. Stem Cell and Molecular Biologics: Options for Ortho and Joint Replacement. Learn about the body's own natural healing mechanisms from Dr. Yeagan of Regenerative Medicine Clinic of Wilmington, who will share the latest info on new treatments that involve using your own stem cells to combat degenerative diseases. Brightmore Independent Living, 2324 S. Forty-first St., Wilmington. Info: (910) 350-1980 or www.brightmoreofwilmington.com.

**11/17 NC Symphony Concert**

7:30 p.m. The North Carolina Symphony performs live in concert featuring Holst: The Planets, conducted by Carlos Izcaray. Admission: $15–80. Wilson Center, 703 N. Third St., Wilmington. Info: (910) 362-7999 or www.capefearstage.com.

**11/18 The Drifters in Concert**

7:30 p.m. The Drifters, one of rock 'n' roll's founding vocal groups performs live at Thalian Hall. Famous songs include "Up on the Roof," "Under the Boardwalk," "Stand by Me," "This Magic Moment," "There Goes My Baby" and more. Admission: $22–44. Thalian Hall, 310 Chestnut St., Wilmington. Info: (910) 632-2285 or www.thalianhall.org.

**11/18–20 Seaglass Salvage Market**

9 a.m. – 3 p.m. (Friday); 9 a.m. – 5 p.m. (Saturday). Once a month indoor/outdoor market filled with upcycled, recycled and repurposed furniture and home décor items, salvage pieces perfect for DIY projects, yard and garden décor, jewelry and local honey. Admission: Free. 1987 Andrew Jackson Highway (Hwy 74/76), Leland. Info: www.seaglasssalvagemarket.com.

**11/19 Museum Mashup**

9 a.m. The Children's Museum of Wilmington chooses the year's most popular activities for kids to enjoy. Admission: $9.75. Children's Museum of Wilmington, 116 Orange St., Wilmington. Info: (910) 254-3534 or www.playwilmington.org.

**11/19 Art For the Masses**

9 a.m. – 3 p.m. A community tradition features the work of more than 100 local artists who retain 100 percent of the proceeds from sales. Door donations help fund public art projects at the university. Admission: Free. UNCW, 601 S. College Road, Wilmington. Info: (910) 962-2522 or uncw.edu/artforthemasses.

**11/19 Woodpecker Program**

9:15–10:30 a.m. Learn about the various woodpeckers that can be seen in our area throughout the year, and what choices you can make to help recover diminishing foraging and nesting habitat for this fascinating bird. Wild Bird & Garden, 3501 Oleander Drive, Wilmington. Info: (910) 343-6001 or www.wildbirdgardeninc.com.

**11/19 Camellia Show & Sale**

10 a.m. – 4 p.m. Fall flower show and sale hosted by the Tidewater Camellia Club. Features prize-winning blooms grown by club members and local residents plus educational demos and floral displays. Admission: Free. NHC Arboretum, 6206 Oleander Drive, Wilmington. Info: www.tidewatercamelliaclub.org.

**11/19 & 20 Cape Fear Chorale Concert**

7:30 p.m. (Saturday); 4 p.m. (Sunday). Cape Fear Chorale presents Gilbert and Sullivan in concert. Winter Park Baptist Church, 4700 Wrightsville Ave., Wilmington. Info: capefearchorale.org.

**11/20 Musical Theatre**

3 p.m. PNC Broadway presents the musical favorite "Annie" featuring classic songs like "It's A Hard Knock Life," "I Don't Need Anything But You," and "Tomorrow." Admission: $46–84. Wilson Center, 703 N. Third St., Wilmington. Info: (9100 362-7999 or www.capefearstage.com.

**11/21 Lecture with Travis Gilbert**

7:30 p.m. The lecture with Travis Gilbert features the Ladies Memorial Society, which was formed after the Civil War to establish cemeteries and monuments to the Confederate dead. Federal Point History Center, 1121 A N. Lake Park Blvd., Carolina Beach. Info: (910) 458-0502 or www.federalpointhistory.org.

**11/22 Great Russian Nutcracker**

7:30 p.m. Moscow Ballet's acclaimed great Russian "Nutcracker"s features 40 world class dancers, a 60-foot Christmas tree, handmade costumes and sets, a rose shooting cannon and a two-person "dove of peace." Admission: $30–70. UNCW Kenan Auditorium, 515 Wagoner Drive, Wilmington. Info: (800) 732-3643 or www.nutcracker.com/buy-tickets.

**11/25–12/17 Christmas by the Sea**

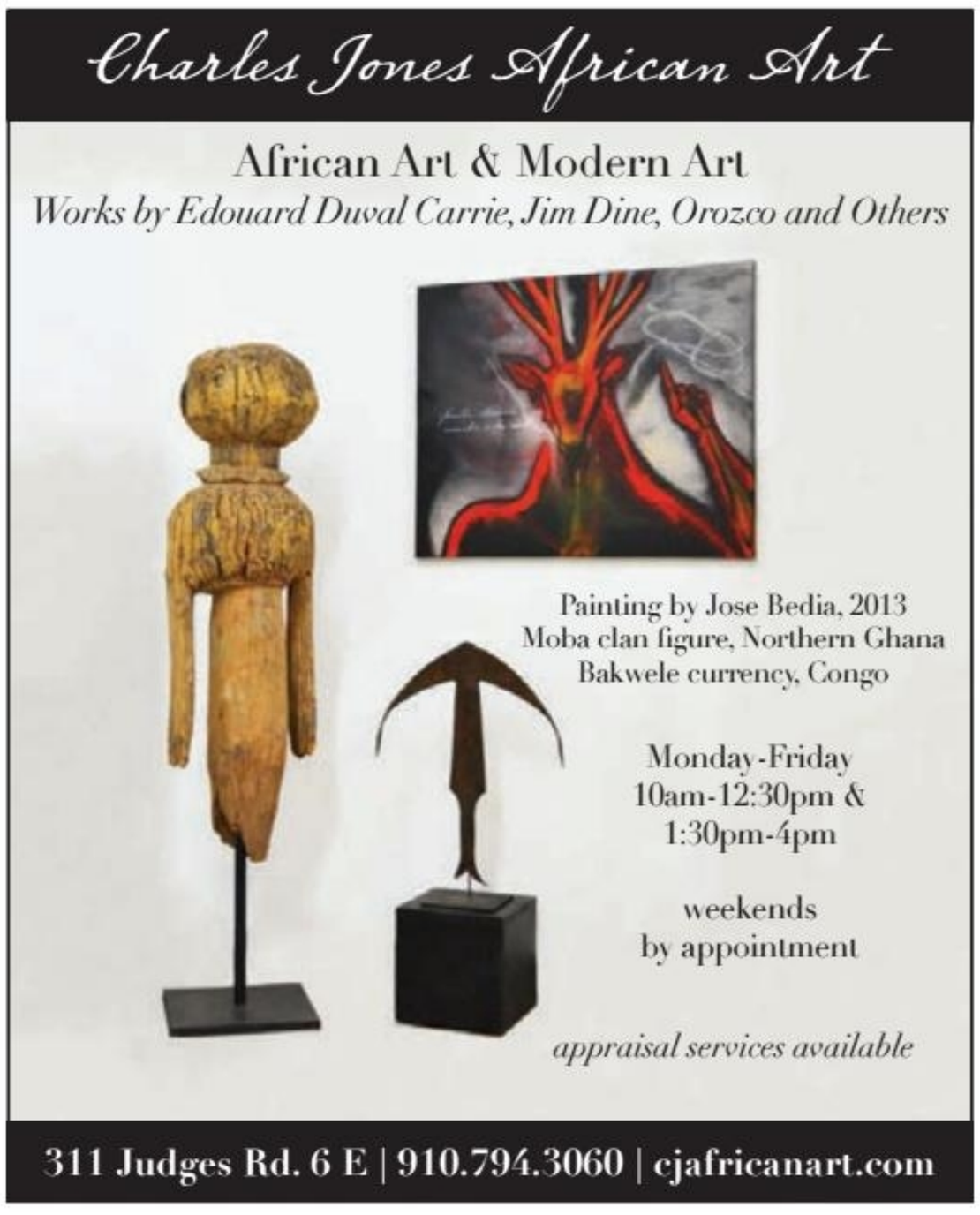
6:30–8:30 p.m. Family-friendly holiday activities on the boardwalk. Includes hot chocolate, visits with Santa, storytelling by the fire, live Nativity scene, caroling, holiday-themed movies, puppet shows and arts and crafts for kids. Boardwalk, Carolina Beach Ave., Carolina Beach. Info: (910) 458-8434 or www.facebook.com/Xmasbythesea.

**11/21 – 12/4 Festival of Trees**

9 a.m. – 5 p.m. Wander through a winter wonderland of trees sponsored and decorated by local businesses and organizations. Admission: $8.95–10.95. NC Aquarium at Fort Fisher, 900 Loggerhead Road, Kure Beach. Info: (910) 769-8099 or www.lcfhfoundation.org.

**11/25 Wrightsville Tree Lighting**

5 p.m. Tree lighting ceremony complete with hot chocolate, caroling and a visit from Santa, Mrs. Claus and the Elf Patrol.

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December 2 • 3 • 4, 2016
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BROOKLYN ARTS CENTER AT ST. ANDREWS | 516 NORTH 4TH STREET | WILMINGTON, NC 28401
(910) 538-2939 | WWW.BROOKLYNARTSNC.COM | VENDOR INFO: Contact Rebecca@BrooklynArtsNC.com

Admission: Free. Wrightsville Beach Park, 321 Causeway Drive, Wrightsville Beach. Info: (910) 256-7925 or www.towb.org.

### 11/25 Downtown Tree Lighting

5:30 p.m. Downtown Christmas tree lighting featuring live music, caroling, warm refreshments, a visit from Santa and Mrs. Claus, and a holiday marketplace. Admission: Free. Riverfront Park, Water St., Wilmington. Info: (910) 254-0907 or www.dbawilmington.org.

### 11/25 & 26 Enchanted Airlie

5–7 p.m. & 7–9 p.m. Half-mile self-guided stroll through the gardens featuring festive lights, music and spectacular holiday displays. Visit with Santa and enjoy hot chocolate, cookies and popcorn from local food vendors. Tickets must be pre-purchased. Admission: $27. Airlie Gardens, 300 Airlie Road, Wilmington. Info: (910) 798-7700 or www.airliegardens.org.

### 11/25–1/1 Island of Lights Festival

Pleasure Island comes alive for the holiday season with endless family-friendly entertainment. Includes lighted displays, concerts, parade, flotilla, tour of homes and more. Various locations in Carolina Beach and Kure Beach. Info: (910) 458-5507 or www.islandoflights.org.

### 11/24 Gallop for the Gravy

8 a.m. 5K run through Forest Hills on Thanksgiving day with refreshments and homemade pies waiting at the finish line. Admission: $30. Proceeds will benefit Full Belly Project, Nourish NC, and Mother Hubbards's Cupboard. Wilmington YMCA, 2710 Market St., Wilmington. Info: (910) 616-7788 or www.facebook.com/GallopfortheGravy.

### 11/24 Habitat Turkey Trot

8:30 a.m. Cape Fear Habitat for Humanity presents its annual fundraising Turkey Trot 5K and 1-mile run at Wrightsville Beach Park. Admission: $11–40. Wrightsville Beach Park, 321 Causeway Drive, Wrightsville Beach. Info: (910) 232-7532 or www.capefearhabitat.org.

### 11/25 Lighting at the Lake

7 p.m. Lighting ceremony complete with Santa, musical entertainment and Honor Guard display from local Cub Scouts to kick off the month-long Island of Lights Festival. A one-mile walk around the lake offers views of the festive light displays. Admission: Free. Carolina Beach Lake Park, Atlanta Ave., Carolina Beach. Info: (910) 458-5507 or www.pleasureislandnc.org.

### 11/25 & 26 NC Holiday Flotilla

6 p.m. Celebrate the holidays coastal-style with a lighted boat parade on the water followed by a traditional fireworks display. National and local celebrity judges and spectators will vote for their spectators. Entry fee: $25/boat. Banks Channel, Wrightsville Beach. Info: (910) 256-2120 or www.ncholidayflotilla.org.

### 11/25 Battleship Ho Ho Ho

10 a.m. – 12 p.m. & 1–3 p.m. Fly an American flag with Santa, create your own retro e-card by posing in a Happy Huladays banner, type your Christmas wish list on a vintage typewriter, get a personal Liberty Card, call the N. Pole from the battleship's radio room, see Santa's journey tracked in the information center, and create Christmas cards for veterans in VA hospitals. Bring your own flag and camera for photo ops. Admission: $6–14. Battleship NC, 1 Battleship Road, Wilmington. Info: (910) 251-5797 or www.battleshipnc.com.

### 11/25 Fourth Friday

6–9 p.m. Downtown galleries, studios and art spaces open their doors to the public in an after-hours celebration of art and culture. Admission: Free. Various venues in Wilmington. Info: (910) 343-0998 or www.artscouncilofwilmington.org.

### 11/25 Flotilla Launch Party

7 p.m. Kick off the Flotilla weekend with dinner, dancing, heavy hors d'oeuvres, cash bar, live entertainment by The Embers featuring Craig Woolard, and a live auction. Admission: $35. Blockade Runner Beach Resort, 275 Waynick Blvd., Wrightsville Beach. Info: (910) 56-2120 or www.ncholidayflotilla.org.

### 11/26 Festival in the Park

10 a.m. – 4 p.m. A highlight of the Flotilla weekend, this outdoor festival features arts and crafts booths, an antique car show, festival food, and a childrens' area with inflatable slides and bounce houses, coloring contest, Arab Choo Choo and more. Info: (910) 256-2120 or ncholidayflotilla.org.

### 11/26 Cape Fear Mix & Mingle

7 p.m. Multi-vendor event/fundraiser showcasing locally owned, family-friendly businesses, and features non-profit raffles, food, drinks and shopping. Ironclad Brewery, 115 N. Second St., Wilmington. Info: (413) 426-3024 or capefearmixandmingle.com.

### 11/26 Christmas Concert

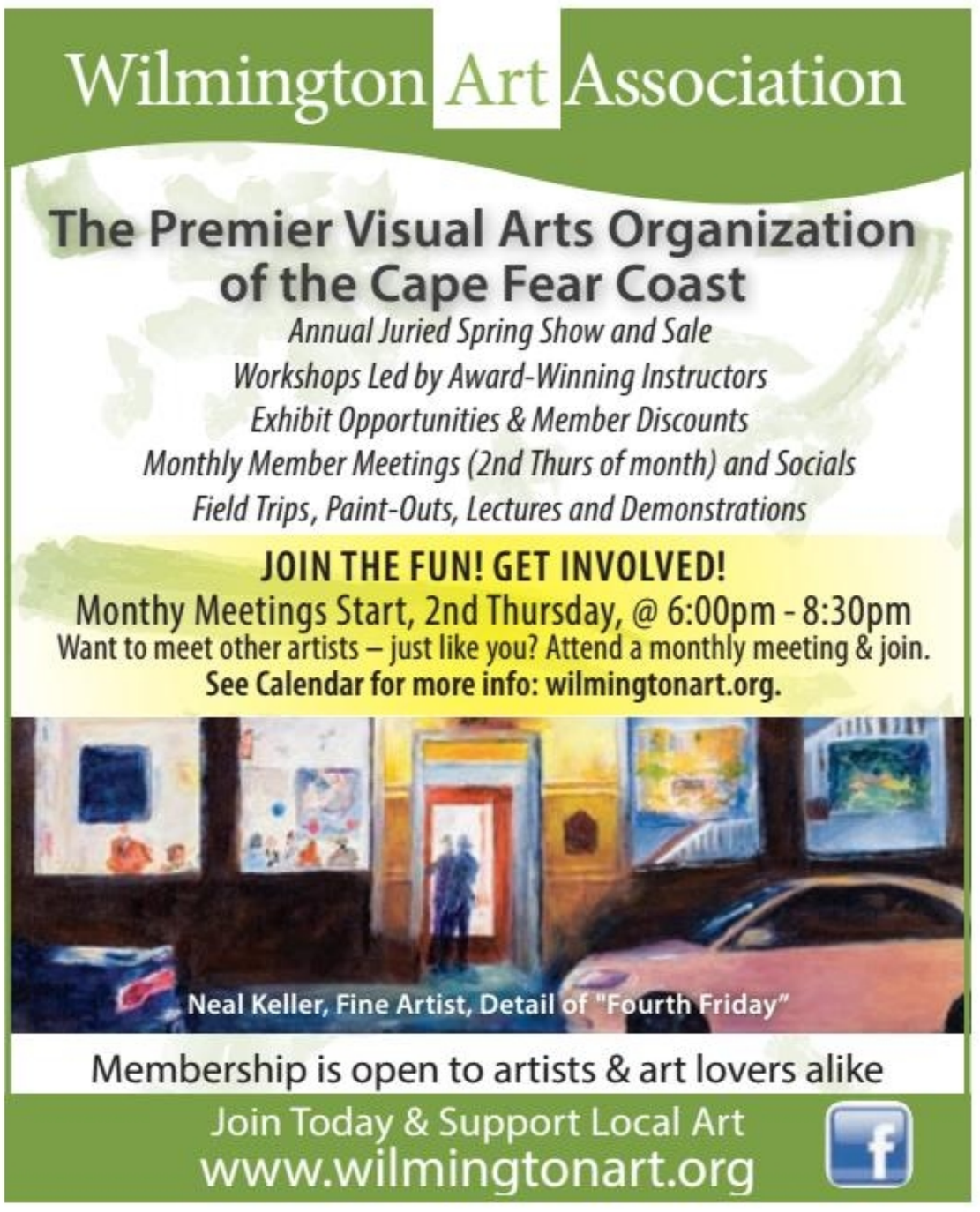
7:30 p.m. The Sweet Potato Pie Christmas concert features the acclaimed all-female band that has been entertaining audiences for more than 10 years with their unique blend of Americana, bluegrass, country and Gospel music. Admission: $15–35. UNCW Kenan Auditorium, 515 Wagoner Drive, Wilmington. Info: (910) 962-3500 or www.sweet-potato-pie.com.

### 11/19 & 26 Kure Beach Holiday Market

9 a.m. – 3 p.m. Get a jumpstart on your holiday shopping while supporting local artisans. Shop from dozens of local art, craft and food vendors. Admission: Free. Ocean Front Park, 105 Atlantic Ave., Kure Beach. Info: (910) 458-8216 or www.townofkurebeach.org.

Arts & Culture

Cape Fear Chorale
GILBERT & SULLIVAN
IN CONCERT
WORDS BY W.S. GILBERT AND MUSIC BY ARTHUR SULLIVAN
Jerry Cribbs, Conductor Libby Oldham, Accompanist
November 19 - 7:30 P.M.
November 20 - 4:00 P.M.
Winter Park Baptist Church
4700 Wrightsville Ave - Wilmington, NC 28403
Wheelchair Accessible - Free Admission
Childcare Avalaible
Donations Appreciated
www.capefearchorale.org
Cape Fear Chorale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The Premier Visual Arts Organization of the Cape Fear Coast
Annual Juried Spring Show and Sale
Workshops Led by Award-Winning Instructors
Exhibit Opportunities & Member Discounts
Monthly Member Meetings (2nd Thurs of month) and Socials
Field Trips, Paint-Outs, Lectures and Demonstrations
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Monthy Meetings Start, 2nd Thursday, @ 6:00pm - 8:30pm
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See Calendar for more info: wilmingtonart.org.
Neal Keller, Fine Artist, Detail of "Fourth Friday"
Membership is open to artists & art lovers alike
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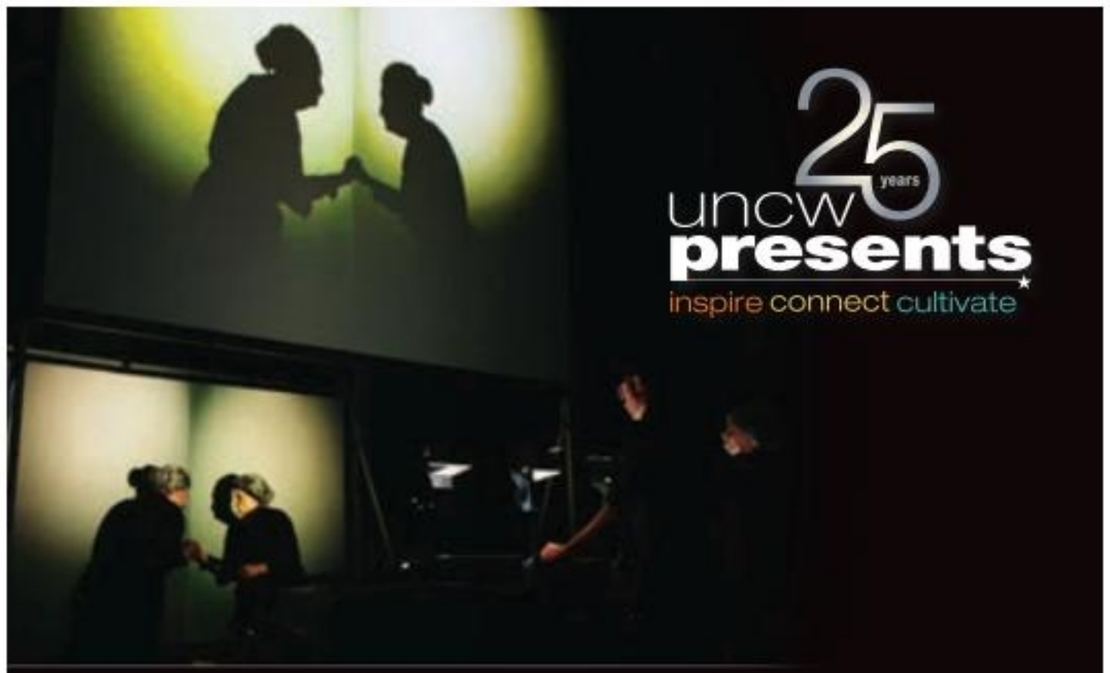
www.wilmingtonart.org



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Lights Children Magic

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* **Shop in Candy Cane Lane for holiday gifts and stocking stuffers.**
* **More shopping on Sunday, November 20 at the Festival Marketplace with over 65 vendors.**

WWW.FESTIVALOFTREES.ORG 910-692-3323

**11/28** **Ultimate Christmas Show**
7:30 p.m. Three members of the Shakespeare Company are pressed to fill in as all the characters in the annual holiday variety show and Christmas pageant at St. Everybody's Non-Denominational Universalist Church. Bring a wrapped gift of $5 or less to participate in the audience gift exchange. Admission: $22–40. Thalian Hall, 310 Chestnut St., Wilmington. Info: (910) 632-2285 or www.thalianhall.org.

**11/28 & 29** **Youth Nature Program**
10–11 a.m. Children ages 2 to 5 have a chance to discover nature through stories, songs, hands-on activities, hikes and crafts. This week's theme is "Turkey Talk." Admission: $3. Halyburton Park, 4099 S. Seventeenth St., Wilmington. Info: (910) 341-0075 or www.halyburtonpark.com.

**11/29** **Mannheim Steamroller Christmas**
7:30 p.m. Grammy-winning performer Chip Davis has created a show that features the beloved Christmas music of Mannheim Steamroller along with dazzling multimedia effects performed in an intimate setting. Admission: $45–90. Wilson Center, 703 N. Third St., Wilmington. Info: (910) 362-7999 or www.capefearstage/mannheim.

**11/29** **Family Tree**
10–11:30 a.m. Learn how to trace your genealogy in Ancestry Plus, Heritage Quest Online, Cultures of America suite (African-American, Latino American, American Indian, Pop Culture) and other database subscriptions all with the help of a reference librarian., Carla Sarratt. Workshop is free, but space is limited, please register in advance (910) 798-6371. N.E. NHC Library, 1241 Military Cutoff Rd. www.nhclibrary.org

## WEEKLY HAPPENINGS

**Monday – Wednesday** **Cinematique Films**
7 p.m. Independent, classic and foreign films screened in historic Thalian Hall. Check online for updated listings and special screenings. Admission: $7. Thalian Hall, 310 Chestnut St., Wilmington. Info/Tickets: (910) 632-2285 or www.thalianhall.org.

**Tuesday** **Wine Tasting**
6–8 p.m. Free wine tasting hosted by a wine professional plus wine and small plate specials all night. Admission: Free. The Fortunate Glass, 29 S. Front St., Wilmington. Info: (910) 399-4292 or www.fortunateglasswinebar.com.

**Tuesday** **Cape Fear Blues Jam**
8 p.m. A unique gathering of the area's finest Blues musicians. Bring your instrument and join the fun. No cover charge. The Rusty Nail, 1310 S. Fifth Ave.. Info: (910) 251-1888 or www.capefearblues.org.

**Tuesday** **Comedy Bingo**
8–9:30 p.m. B-I-N-G-O and a lot of laughs at Dead Crow Comedy Club. Free to play. 265 N. Front St., Wilmington. Info: 910-399-1492 or http://deadcrowcomedy.com

**Wednesday** **T'ai Chi at CAM**
12:30–1:30 p.m. Qigong (Practicing the Breath of Life) with Martha Gregory. Open to beginner and experienced participants. Admission: $5–8. Cameron Art Museum, 3201 S. Seventeenth St., Wilmington. Info: (910) 395-5999 or www.cameronartmuseum.org.

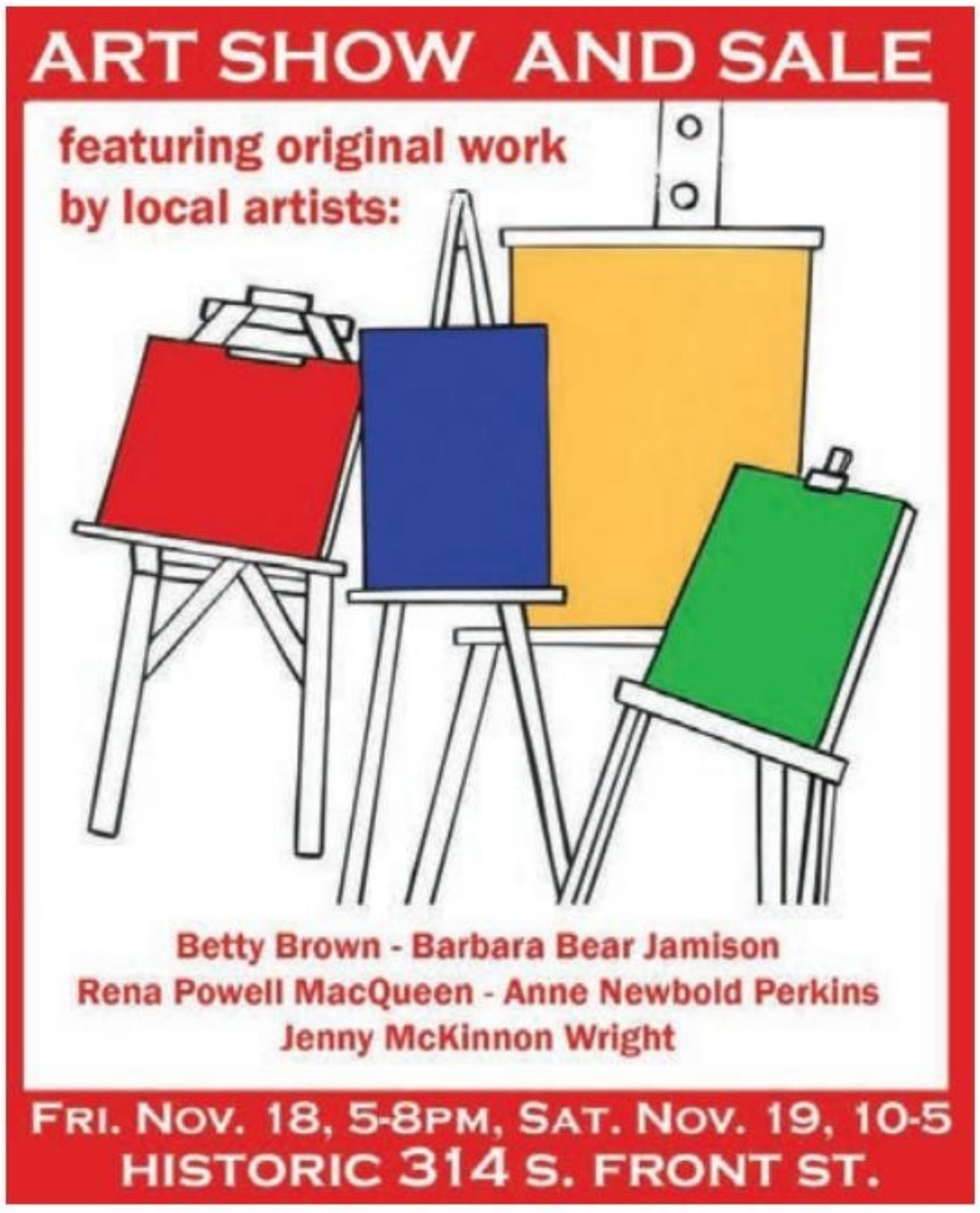
**Wednesday** **Wednesday Echo**
7:30–11:30 p.m. Weekly singer/songwriter open mic night that welcomes all genres of music. Each person will have 3–6 songs. Palm Room, 11 E. Salisbury St., Wrightsville Beach. Info: (910) 509-3040.

**Thursday** **Yoga at the CAM**
12–1 p.m. Join in a soothing retreat sure to charge you up while you relax in a beautiful, comfortable setting. Sessions are ongoing and are open to beginner and experienced participants. Admission: $5–8. Cameron Art Museum, 3201 S. Seventeenth St., Wilmington. Info: (910) 395-5999 or www.cameronartmuseum.org.

**Friday & Saturday** **Dinner Theatre**
7 p.m. TheatreNOW presents Of Monsters and Men based on the works of Edgar Allen Poe by Stephen Raeburn, directed by Ron Hasson. Ends 11/12. Admission: $17–37. TheatreNOW, 19 S. Tenth St., Wilmington. Info: (910) 399-3now or theatrewilmington.com.

**Saturday** **Riverfront Farmers' Market**
8 a.m. – 1 p.m. Curbside market featuring local farmers, producers, artisans, crafters and live music along the banks of the Cape Fear River. Ends 11/19. Riverfront Park, N. Water St., Wilmington. Info: (910) 538-6223 or www.wilmingtondowntown.com/events/farmers-market.

To add a calendar event, please contact saltmagazine.calendar@gmail.com. Events must be submitted by the first of the month, one month prior to the event.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Jenny McKinnon Wright
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# Life & Home

# Port City People

## 20th Anniversary Lumina Daze

Blockade Runner Beach Resort

*Sunday, August 28, 2016*

Photographs by Bill Ritenour

Dan & Frances Parham, Linda Bridges, Bill Capps

Walt & Karen Laughlin

Gary & Kim Koster

John McQueen, Karen & Mike Farris

Jamie, Patrick & Caroline Craig

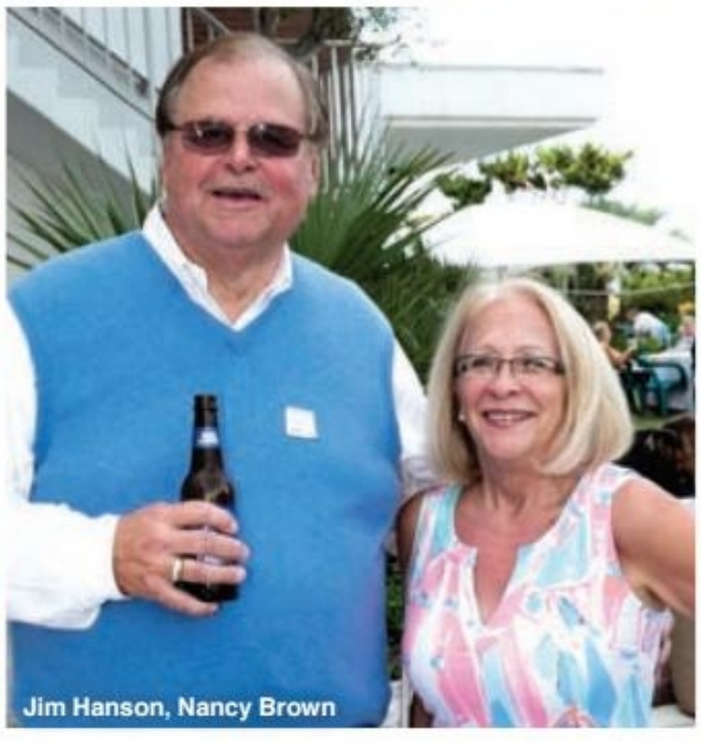
Vicki & Richard Turner

Bob & Katrina Morton, Bill Barr

Rosalie Howell, Faye Russ

Linda Meyer, Bernie Braak

Susan Freeken, Charlie Skipper, Brenda Benton



Jim Hanson, Nancy Brown

Robert & Susan Collins

# Port City People

## 6th Annual Great Gatsby Gala

City Club at de Rosset

*Saturday, September 3, 2016*

Photographs by Bill Ritenour

Heather Evans, Poppy Tugwell

Tad Pagano, Allison Grady, Kelsey Sanders, Robert Smith III

Sharon Edelstein, Michael Hamby

Dennis & Christian Harang

Gretchen Rivas, Lee Crow, Kristine Moore

Crystal & Derek Jarrett

Rachael Rice, Patrick Shanahan

Colleen McGregor, Nikki Mahlau, Jeannie Jensen

Tiffany Jackson, Lisa Parke

Kelly & Clint Cascaben

Dee & Neal Whittington

Jennifer & Jonathan Weiss

Bobby & Johanna Hamilton

# Port City People

## Wilmington's Epicurean Evening

### Benefiting the Methodist Home for Children

*Thursday, September 8, 2016*

Photographs by Bill Ritenour

Celia Rivenbark, Missy Sumrell

Haley Cowen, Casey Barth

Frances Weller

Christina Turner

Doug Lane, Hayes Perry

Lori & Jack Kilbourne

Michelle Clark, Buddy Green

Shannon & Jeff Willingham

Harrison & Crystal Peebles

# Port City People

## Casino for a Cause Gala Event

### Benefiting Alzheimer's North Carolina

*Saturday, September 10, 2016*

Photographs by Bill Ritenour

Scott & Shannon Winslow, Whitney & Neil Leonard

Kat Fehring, Kym Sorbel, Lisa Creason

Kym & Jeff Sorbel

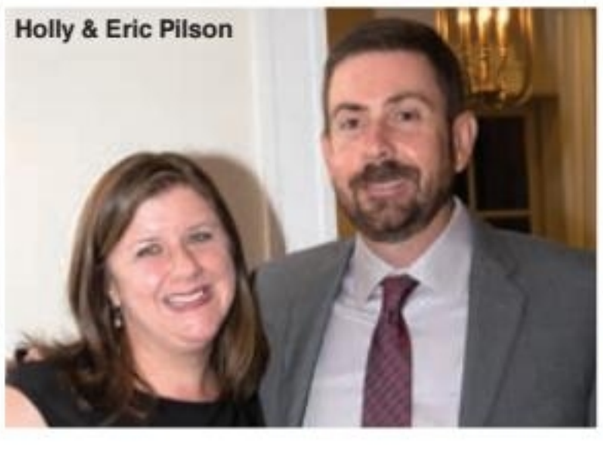
Erin Rhyne, Nick Bellegante

Jennifer & Noah Tawes

Crystal Treanor, Holly Pilson, Dorothy Griffin, Melanni Pate, Lisa Salines-Mondello, Dusty Lee Foley, Ann La Reau

Len & Kelly Lecci

Wayne Everhart, Breanna Wallace


Holly & Eric Pilson

Chris & Kellee DeHart

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# Ration the Passion

*For Scorpios, it don't mean a thing if it ain't got that sting*

By Astrid Stellanova

Scorpios are famously passionate, ambitious, intense and jealous. They will ask but they sure won't tell. What *they* should know is that their best day is Tuesday, and to mirror their passion, they should don their best color — red. What *you* should know is this: They don't always lay their cards flat out on the table, but they really don't like it when the tables are turned. Cross a Scorpio and you will unleash the scorpion's sting. And this: A Scorpio will never forget and may never forgive either.

Scorpios like to use their looks as a means of self-expression and will almost always make a big impression wherever they go and whatever they choose to do. They are as colorful as they are unique, too. Prince Charles is a Scorpio. So is Whoopi Goldberg. Ponder that, Star Children. Ad Astra — Astrid

**Scorpio (October 23–November 21)**
Friends are tempted to give you novelties on your birthday — things like pillows embroidered with "Drama Queen" or "If You Can't Say Anything Good about Others, Sit by Me." Much like the Dowager at Downton Abbey you can dish it out. You have a secret love of bling. Sugar, you also don't like to admit your tastes are much more Vegas Strip than Park Avenue. This birthday, let go of any desire to be something or someone else and love your own fine self. You are an original, enigmatic and audacious in your ways — traits your friends rely on, Honey. When you blow out the candles on your cake — and there *will* be a blowout with cake — make a big wish. This just might be your year to win the whole dang shebang!

**Sagittarius (November 22–December 21)**
The fact is, Honey, you have become the Ernest T. Bass of relationships. You get mad at your beloved and your idea of resolution is to throw rocks at the window and howl like a hound dog during a King Moon. Time to start being the grown-up when it comes to love matters, my wild little Love Muffin. There is nothing or no one you cannot have once you stop trying to muscle your way to a solution.

**Capricorn (December 22–January 19)**
When everyone else was sitting down, you were just outstanding. Take a star turn and then take a seat. Sweet Thing, a strange turn of coincidence is about to make you glad you had such a fine sense of timing. It is more than going to compensate for a rough patch you have just undergone. It's (nearly) all over but the shouting, as Rick Bragg likes to say.

**Aquarius (January 20–February 18)**
Does *Fifty Shades of Purple* sound like the title of your memoir? Well, you got all shook up over a loved one, and it sent your blood pressure through the roof. Lordamercy, nobody's worth all that purple passion you've been spending. Spend some time in a meditation class instead, and promise yourself you are going to let that crazy-maker go. Then get a hobby for goodness sake — just not in surveillance or private-eye work.

**Pisces (February 19–March 20)**
A life-changing experience has caused you to do some recent soul-searching. Now you are looking deep, trying to find a bigger purpose. You have extra special energy this month, Sugar Pie, and it is going to make you a magnet for special and inspiring experiences. If you have a metal detector, haul it out of the closet, as you are about to find something you believed lost for good.

**Aries (March 21–April 19)**
You spent your fall second-guessing everything you did and everything your closest friends did. Now, Honey, is a time to downshift and just bury some nuts for the winter ahead. Look on down the road and stop majoring in the minor stuff when you need to look at the major stuff. When you take stock, you have to admit you have been busy overdoing everything you ever thought worth doing at all — except for the nut thing.

**Taurus (April 20–May 20)**
Learn something new. Take a friend for coffee. Befriend a stranger. But don't drink and dial this month, because you are prone to talk too much and listen too little and then pray for rain when all your friendships dry up. The fine print bears reading, Sugar, before you sign that contract, too. Meantime, kiss a baby and indulge your love of sweet tea and a side of lemon pie. But don't text or dial.

**Gemini (May 21–June 20)**
As much as you want to step into a situation and take control, try and hold your impulsive self back just a teensy bit. There has been mounting evidence that your involvement is not helpful. Meantime, you have got a big old mess to clean up on Aisle Nine. The mess is one you made; so don't blame the first one you find to hang it on, Sweet Thing.

**Cancer (June 21–July 22)**
You are the Richard Petty of speedy karma, repeating a cycle over and over and over again on the roadway of life. Put a cop on anyone's tail for 500 miles and they'll get a ticket, too. Want to retire that title? This month gives you a long overdue chance to reevaluate things, Honey, and you are going to find the support you crave to break out.

**Leo (July 23–August 22)**
When you step back and look in the mirror, as you secretly like to do, what do you see? Is it the same person everyone around you sees? Your secretive life is at the root of some pain you hold onto and carry around like a precious bag of gold. Trust someone and unburden yourself, Sugar. Self-truth won't hurt one bit.

**Virgo (August 23–September 22)**
There's a new sheriff in town you ain't so sure you like. Get deputized, Sweet Pants, because you are going to have to deal with them no matter what. Meantime, you calculate your losses and pocket your winnings. You still are going to come out ahead, Darling. But pay attention to a lonely neighbor whose luck ain't so great right now.

**Libra (September 23–October 22)**
There's too many hands around the pottery wheel and it has you all befuddled. In a nice way, tell them to mind their own business, and don't apologize. Meanwhile, you are the UP in somebody's 7UP and don't even know it. Sugar, you have more sex appeal than ought to be allowed throughout this whole dang star cycle.

*For years, Astrid Stellanova owned and operated Curl Up and Dye Beauty Salon in the boondocks of North Carolina until arthritic fingers and her popular astrological readings provoked a new career path.*

# Same Old Game

*Just new stuff*

By Clyde Edgerton

**I'm in the bleachers** watching baseball practice. My youngest son, 11, has just started playing — this is his second practice ever — and so far, he likes it. After the first practice, we shopped for equipment, and I hear some of you already thinking: *Why does Papadaddy always gripe about high prices?*

The answer is this: I didn't buy anything between 1994 and 2012, until I finally started shopping for my children's sporting equipment.

But on the softer side — the *nostalgic* side — this baseball business is taking me back, in good ways, to over 60 years ago. "Yep," I say to my son, "I started playing baseball when I was 9 years old."

"What?" he says, "They had baseball back then?"

When I was 10 or 12, our coach worked at a local funeral home and drove a hearse to practice. I can see the hearse as it pulled onto the field near first base — long, shiny, and black. This is all true. My friends and I would open the swinging rear door and pull out a canvas bag of bats, a handbag of baseballs, and a large duffle bag with the catcher's equipment and bases and the little plastic things held together with stretch bands that we fitted over our ears when batting. These flimsy head protectors became the norm in the late '50s, as I recall. (Protective head gear was a consequence of mid-century political correctness.)

While we were shopping a few weeks ago, my son and I inspected batting helmets, baseball gloves — for fielding *and* batting — bats, baseballs and a protective cup. The protective cup comes with a pair of fancy black underwear to hold the cup in place. The reason my son is expected to buy his own equipment these days is because if, say, a funeral home bought a bag of, say, 20 baseball bats, then the funeral home could be out four grand. Easily. Check it out at your local sporting goods store.

In addition:
My son's bat: metal. Ours: wooden.
My son's headgear: a hard plastic helmet. Ours: (early on) a cloth cap.
My son's cleats: plastic or rubber. Ours: steel.
My son's batting gloves: two. Ours: none.
My son's "protection": a plastic cup. Ours: underwear (most of us, I guess).
My son's fielder's glove: synthetic, stiff, and complicated. Ours: leather, limber, and plain.
My son's infield surface: mostly grass. Ours: mostly dirt.
My son's outfield surface: grass. Ours: mostly dirt.
My son's pitching mound: raised. Ours: flat.
My son's dugout: concrete behind a fence. Ours: a wooden bench, in the open — with splinters.
My son's coach: loves the game. Ours: loved the game.

I'm so glad *the game* is the same. Three strikes, four balls, three outs. Secret signals and hidden ball tricks, balks, walks and home runs. Timing, speed and precision. It's still best to step on the base with your inside foot, watch the third base coach as you approach second base, start with your glove on the ground to catch a grounder. And the playing field itself — it expands outward from home plate. Unlike football, basketball and other sports, boundaries exist on only two sides of a baseball field, not all four sides. Hit a home run and the ball could travel all the way around the Earth and roll up behind home plate and *still* be in fair territory.

After the second practice, we're gathering up equipment to head home. My son says, "Dad, they make a backpack for gloves, helmet and all that. It has two sleeves for two bats. We could get one at Dick's along with another bat."

"If we get another bat, we'll have to sell your bicycle, the trampoline and your bunk bed."

"You mean . . . like a yard sale?"

"Sure. Good idea."

*Clyde Edgerton is the author of 10 novels, a memoir and a new work,* Papadaddy's Book for New Fathers. *He is the Thomas S. Kenan III Distinguished Professor of Creative Writing at UNCW.*

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